

BAY AREA REPORTER

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PD Training Laced with Phobias

Gay Cop Washes Out,

Files Formal Complaint with City

by John F. Karr

Officer P. Thomas Cady, an openly Gay member of the San Francisco Police Department, has filed a complaint with the Civil Service Commission in which he claims to be the victim of sexual harassment and discrimination directed towards him by members of his own department.

The complaint, filed on January 11, 1982, focuses on events that occurred in early December of last year when Cady was undergoing Field Training classes. The attitude of his classmates and teachers was actively hostile, he claims, culminating in several harrowing events. In one occurrence, an anti-Gay slogan was scrawled on the wall of Northern Station by policemen. Finally, Cady claims he was lied to and "coerced into resigning" from the Force under false circumstances. Cady's Complaint of Discrimination asks that he "be reinstated into the Police Department and placed back into the

Field Training Program at another training station."

The complaint, now in the hands of the Civil Service Commission, will be the subject of an investigation by Civil Service Administrator Sylvia Jacobson. Together with a representative of the Mayor's office and the Police Department they will try to mediate the problem in meetings with Cade and the officers named in his Complaint. If this proves unfruitful, a formal hearing will ensue with the full Civil Service Commission.

Cady, 35 years old, joined the Force in May of 1981. He had moved to San Francisco 2½ years ago with the intent of pursuing his police career here. Originally from Kentucky, Cady was a Chief of Police for four years in that state. He has over 2,000 hours of police training and can hardly be described as a rookie to the rigors of Police life. He graduated first in his

class from the Kentucky Police Academy and never expected to encounter difficulties in the obligatory Field Training Program.

New members of the San Francisco Police Department spend 14 weeks in Field Training (FT) no matter what their past experience. Cady's experience in the FT program was continually defeating and humiliating. "From the very first," states Cady, "it was nothing but harassment and shit in the Police Academy." Cady claims officers mocked him, talked "fag talk" to him, and said directly to his face, "I hate fags."

While watching a training movie on the "Dan White Riot" at City Hall, Cady told the *Bay Area Reporter* that officers threw objects at the television screen and shouted "Kill the Faggots!" "One classmate came up to my face and said, 'I hate faggots,'" said Cady.

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Police Officer P. Thomas Cady washed out of PD after training now taking his case to Civil Service. (Photo by Rink)

'Gambling 8' Get Back Property

Judge Raps Cops for Discrimination

by Paul Lorch

San Francisco Gay community's "Gambling Eight" were back in city court last week. This time they wanted

their seized property back, and the SFPD and Assistant DA James Collins didn't want them to have it back.

At issue in Judge Dorothy Von Beroldingen's courtroom

was who would get the antique slot machines, playing cards, gaming tables, felt tops, and some \$3000 in cash. The "Gambling Eight" were represented by attorney Tom Horne.

Judge Von Beroldingen ordered that all property be returned as no laws had been violated. The police wanted to permanently confiscate the cash and destroy the "contraband."

On Sunday, October 14, 1981, Circus-Circus, a major Gay community charity event, was raided. Some 32 uniformed and plainclothes SF police officers took part in the raid. Eight Gay organizers of the fundraiser were cited and ordered to appear in court. The group included Bob Cramer, Bob Golovich, Hector Caceres, Bob Ross, Jimmie Buckland, Gardner Pond and Dennis DiBiase. Each faced a \$500 fine and up to six months in jail. At the time the police said the raid was in response to an "anonymous" complaint (they refused to reveal the name).

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Attorney Tom Horne sees "Gambling 8" through their charity raid. (Photo by Rink)

Word Monopoly

Gay Olympics Fights Back

Court Battle Looms Over Use of Word

by Paul Lorch

Last issue the *Bay Area Reporter* carried the story of the U.S. Olympic Committee's demand that the Gay Olympics drop the word "Olympics" from their publicity and promotion.

This week the Board of Directors of the Gay Olympics announced they were not going to back down. Dr. Tom Waddell, chairman of the Gay games, said his group took the position that they were not in violation of the law. In 1978 Congress passed Public Law 95-606 which sought to protect the word "Olympic" for the U.S. Olympic Committee and prohibit any unauthorized group from using it.

The reason, according to F. Don Miller, Director of the USOC, in a letter to Waddell was to prevent confusion, mistakes, deception or suggestions that some group might be connected with the official Olympic body.

This week Waddell replied to Miller that the First Amend-

ment guarantees of free speech and association are of higher priority than trespassing on privileged words.

In a letter dated January 26, Waddell wrote, "We have also been advised by legal counsel that there appears to be a violation of the guarantee of equal protection of the

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What is This Thing Called "Making Love"?

by Steve Warren



Harry Hamlin (l) and Michael Ontkean (r) launch a Gay relationship in MAKING LOVE. The movie house will be picketed by some Gay activists over their support of the local striking janitors.

The Gay-themed film **Making Love** is hardly controversial unto itself. To Gay audiences its story will prove intriguing yet somewhat tame. Yet before the movie has opened or even received any reviews, it is arousing controversy. This phenomenon is discussed below in two separate articles. B.A.R. reviewer Steve Warren discusses the unusual marketing campaign used to launch the film, and newswriter George Mendenhall investigates the facts behind the proposed picketing of the film's opening night by members of the striking Janitors Union.

While the union is not perforce a Gay group, its business agent is Gay activist Sal Rosselli. This coincidence of position has brought forth endorsements of the picket by "progressive" Gay political organizations, making what was originally NOT a Gay issue just that.

The Gay community will now be torn between two equally pressing priorities. One is the long-range importance of the film's dissemination of positive images of Gay life. Long desired of Hollywood by Gay spokesmen to help reduce the homophobia that has resulted in Falwell campaigns and Family Protection Acts, the film's support by a Gay audience is now hindered by the second priority. This, of course, is the never-changing need to support labor, in this instance, the Janitors Union, Local 9.

While the B.A.R. hopes that Gay people will enjoy and support **Making Love**, it is hoped that the advice of Union administrator Sal Rosselli may be followed. The film will also be showing at non-street theaters.

REVIEWS OF THE MOVIE

The film opens February 12; a review by B.A.R. FILM CRITIC Michael Lasky will appear in our next issue.

Breakthrough Gay Film Opens Amid Labor Flap

by George Mendenhall

When the breakthrough film **Making Love** opens at 350 theaters nationally on February 12, Hollywood will be looking to Gay strongholds such as San Francisco where the film will run at the Metro Theatre. The film has a positive bisexual/homosexual theme and the movie studios are wondering if a "Gay" audience exists. Ironically, some Gay activists who are supporting a janitor's strike will be picketing outside of the Metro, urging people to see the film outside San Francisco.

Making Love, made for \$8 million, is about a love tri-

angle in which a married man leaves his wife for a romance with another male. Surprisingly, for Hollywood, there is a happy ending.

Barry Lorry, president for publicity and promotion at Twentieth Century-Fox, told *Bay Area Reporter* that his studio is spending \$5 million to promote the movie. This is also the first time, he believes, that the Gay community has been targeted for a major promotion. **Making Love** advertisements are being placed in local and national Gay publications. There is, however, one obstacle in San Francisco...

Sal Rosselli, Business Agent for Amusement and Theatre Janitors, Local 9, has successfully won membership endorsements for the striking janitors from four Gay Democratic clubs — Alice B. Toklas, Harvey Milk, Stonewall, and Barbary Coast — and a Gay action group, Solidarity.

The union official recognizes that his success in getting support from Gay groups reflects on his persuasive ability and the fact that he is himself now openly Gay and vice president of the Toklas club. He is urging Gay people to see **Making Love** at other nonstriking theaters — the Sequoia, Mill Valley; the Sun Valley, Concord; and the Southland in Hayward.

Lorry, a longtime union member himself, says that

(Continued on next page)

Sometimes a movie benefits from unforeseen circumstances that a publicist couldn't have imagined, let alone arranged. The Three Mile Island nuclear crisis did its best to follow the script of the just released **China Syndrome**, and Sandra Day O'Connor was appointed to the Supreme Court while **First Monday in October** was being booked into theatres.

One has to read between the headlines to see the subtle forces at work for the success of **Making Love**, which 20th Century-Fox opens nationwide on February 12.

While no one is saying it in so many words, the pressure is on the Gay community to make **Making Love** a hit. It's not a matter of subtle manipulation on the studio's part — it's a matter of fact: Fox only stands to lose a million dollars if the picture flops; we can lose a great deal more.

First of all, let's say a prayer of thanks that we're not being called on to hype inferior merchandise. If a committee from our community could agree on a script that deals honestly with the issue of a married man coming to terms with his homosexuality, it would have to be close to the one Barry Sandler has written for **Making Love**. It presents a variety of Gay images, without apology or need for apology.

It's not a perfect movie — we'll leave it to the reviews to point out perceived flaws — but it's good enough that we can see it and relate to it and recommend it to our friends, Gay and straight.

Lesbians will find nothing of their lives in **Making Love**; they'll have to settle for the Dutch film *A Woman Like Eve* for the moment. But that brings us to the first reason the success of **Making Love** is so important to us:

If this picture is a hit it will be followed by others with Gay themes and positive Gay images. Hollywood is afraid of new ideas. It's infinitely easier to raise money for a *Friday the 13th Part 3* than for Part 1 of anything that hasn't proven itself at the box office. Studio executives get ideas for future projects from *Variety's* list of top grossers. If **Making Love** makes the list they'll be soliciting Gay scripts; if not, they won't even consider them.

Perhaps more importantly the television networks, still under threat of boycott by the religious right wing, will take courage from a clear mandate on the part of the moviegoing public and put us back into their programs.

For years there was pressure on the major studios to make more "G" rated, family oriented films, but every time they obliged they had to eat their losses. The people who wrote letters demanding these movies wouldn't buy tickets to see them. (You know who they are — they try to tell us how to run our lives too.) Even the Disney studios are

producing "PG" films today.

Now we've got the movie we've been demanding, and we're not going to get as many chances as the "family" audience did. Fox has written off the Moral Majority as a potential audience for **Making Love** (unless they want to view it as a horror film), and the ball's in our court.

Of course there will have to be crossover to straight audiences too. A Gay cult can pay for *Polyester* or a *Taxi zum Kilo*, but those pictures could both have been made with spare change from the **Making Love** budget.

The people who make the decisions in Hollywood don't understand human rights or political power, only money — the bottom line. And speaking of money...

Making Love is providing a windfall for Gay media and its success will lead to more of the same.

This is a sensitive area to discuss, especially in a Gay newspaper; but it has to be said.

I'm not implying that Fox is bribing or otherwise pressuring the media, but newspaper people of limited experience will think they're under pressure, and the more experienced ones will be sensitive to an indirect pressure that is at most an unintentional by-product of studio influence.

Gay publications in San Francisco and a few other cities have commanded a certain amount of respect and advertising for years, but others will be getting their first taste of it.

Last spring the set of **Making Love** was closed to all Gay media but the *Advocate*. That paper has fought long and hard to be recognized by major advertising and public relations firms, and it's ironic that their labors are bearing fruit at the same time their credibility in the Gay community is declining. It takes the image builders a long time to change their way of doing

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Michael Ontkean (l) plays a young doctor who falls for novelist Harry Hamlin in MAKING LOVE. The Gay film was singled out for picketing by Gays who decided to support the janitors' strike against local United Artists theaters.

'Making Love'

things, despite the volatility of the public they're trying to persuade.

At many other Gay papers young reviewers invited to their first screenings or junkets and publishers getting their first full-page national ads (which often pay a higher rate than local advertising and may be easier to collect) on behalf of **Making Love** are going to feel like "Queen for a Day." They're going to like that feeling ("It's good to be the Queen," Mel Brooks might say) and some will mistakenly think that a positive reaction to the film will assure them more of the same.

The reality is that if **Making Love** flops Fox won't care

Steve Warren

who did what to prevent it; they'll decide the Gay media can't sell even a Gay movie for them. Critics who praised it will be no better off than those who panned it, and neither will their papers.

Few reviewers carry as much weight in their communities as they think they do. A lot of gushy praise is more likely to be ignored than an interestingly written pan; and something that calls your attention to a film, even in a negative way, is more likely to make you want to see it than a column you haven't read.

Fox can buy a full-page ad in every Gay newspaper in the U.S. for less than they would spend for one network

television spot in prime time. The studio won't miss the money, the networks won't miss it; but it can make all the difference to a struggling paper and could help get a proposed computerized national Gay syndicate off the ground.

You can bet that Paramount will consider the outcome of the **Making Love** campaign when they finalize their marketing strategy for the upcoming **Partners**. It will be foolish of them to give us too much credit or blame, but that doesn't mean they won't do it.

Once we prove that the Gay media can sell Gay oriented movies, it will be easier to persuade the studios to try us for pictures of more general interest. Agencies placing film ads in the Gay press may then experiment with clients in other fields.

As I said at the outset, 20th Century-Fox didn't plan this situation, nor do I believe they're trying to exploit it by exerting pressure on anyone. Their dealings with the Gay media merely reflect an age old strategy for selling a film to a specialized audience.

The success or failure of **Making Love** won't determine whether there's a 21st Century-Fox studio instead of a condominium complex in Beverly Hills, but it could give us bigger and better Gay media and more positive Gay and Lesbian images on the big and small screens of the nation.

I wouldn't send you to see a bad movie for all those reasons and more. That's why I was relieved to see that **Making Love** is as good as it is. ■

Endup Dance

Stonewall, ALGA and BWMT Stage a Hit

by Ben Gardiner

Over the evening, more than 800 people attended "Menage a Trois," the history-making Gay and Lesbian benefit co-sponsored by Black and White Men Together, Association of Lesbian and Gay Asians, and Stonewall Gay Democratic Club. Stormy and rainy weather outside did not hold back the crowds at the dance at the Endup.

Stallings, Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club President Gwenn Craig, and Coalition for Human Rights co-Chair Carole Migden (also an '82 candidate).

Stonewall's outgoing President Ben Gardiner noted that Menage was the first event of its kind. "Never has a Gay political club co-staged any



(l to r) Gerry Parker, Gwenn Craig, Paul Boneberg and friend braved a rainy night for "Menage a Trois." (Photo by Rink)

By agreement, there were no speeches and no introductions. But this did not restrain politicians from attending, including Supervisor Harry Britt, Democratic Party Secretary Jack Trujillo (an '82 candidate), Democratic Party Gay Caucus co-Chair Randy

event with other Gay minority organizations. And never have other minority organizations co-staged such a success with any political club of any kind. It's the sweet counterpart to some of the violent things associated with Gay/

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Labor Flap

Fox could not place the film in another San Francisco theater because of a months-old contract with United Artists Theatres — a contract that was signed long before the strike began.

Supervisors Harry Britt and Carol Ruth Silver are supporting the janitors' demands. Britt told the *Bay Area Reporter*, "Our enemies, those who attack Gay people, are also those attacking the legitimate gains of working people. We must not forget that the unions stood with us against Sen. John Briggs and his anti-Gay Prop. 6. Our Gay leaders have worked hard to establish further mutual support with unions. We have a great deal to lose if that relationship is not strengthened. I do not cross union picket lines just as I would not enter a business that discriminates against Gay people."

While Fox's Lorry sympathizes with Britt's viewpoint, he urges that "the success or failure of this film will say something to other producers about up-coming films in which a Gay audience or an audience that will view such films are being sought." The size of future production and promotion budgets on films depicting homosexuals in positive themes could be affected by the public reaction to **Making Love**.

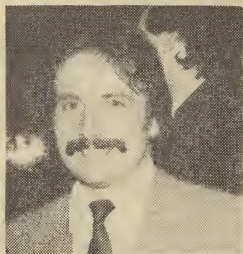
Several 1982 film releases that could be affected are thought to have positive themes. One was inspired by San Francisco's Gay cop recruitment program: **Partners**, starring Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt as a Gay-straight cop duo who investigate Hollywood Gay murders.

Hollywood also has three Lesbian-theme films due for production: **Personal Bate** capitalizes on the Billie Jean King Lesbian affair and is about two women athletes; **Linnea**, which is somewhat similar to **Making Love**, only this time the married woman finds love with another woman; and **Desert of the Heart**, based on the romantic novel.

Possible production schedules may also be set for **Mayor of Castro Street**, the life of Harvey Milk, and **Splendor**, the satirical tale about a transvestite in a small Texas town.

Rosselli says that he appreciates the importance of **Making Love** and urges Gay people to see the film — but not at the Metro. He urges that "human rights includes adequate wages."

The janitors of Local 9 currently earn \$42 a six-hour shift. They work 30 hours per



Sal Rosselli (Photo by Rink)

week. Rosselli noted that janitors in other industries locally earn about \$9 per hour.

The union singled out United Artists and Syfy theaters to strike. The 200 other local theater janitors have continued to work with interim agreements — working under old contracts. When the strike is settled, their pay will be raised retroactively to August 1.

He added that since the strike was called against United Artists each of the major openings at the Metro (two or three, he said) was greeted with a strikers' rally. The movie house is picketed every show.

The strike only affects 18 janitors, who are asking for a 9% wage increase and, according to Rosselli, are being offered 4%. (Repeated attempts by *Bay Area Reporter* to obtain a statement from U.A./Syfy were unsuccessful.)

Fox's Lorry relates a problem the studio has that is not related to a janitor's strike in San Francisco: Is there an audience for **Making Love** on a national level? Advance screenings and preview cards indicate that women over 22 "just love the film." However the "R" rating keeps the lucrative teenage audience away, and there is a question of whether straight men will go to a film dealing with homosexuality. Lorry says, "Straight men really like the film — once they are in the theater."

There is no way to determine, Lorry stresses, if many Gay people have gone to previews, although the promotion in the Gay press plus word-of-mouth about its positive theme should encourage Gays to see it. Lorry says that the many advance screenings have produced mixed reactions from Gay people with the major criticism coming "from radicals who thought that the lead males were too handsome, too well built, too middle class."

There is no question, the Fox executive concludes, "Making Love is a noticeable step forward after *Cruising* and *Boys in the Band*." ■

George Mendenhall

Japan Center Theater Post at Fillmore, 7:00pm Sunday, February 7th Come as you are.

Doctors, teachers, cowboys, lawyers, waiters, drag queens, nurses, keypunch operators, concert pianists, pastry chefs, black leather bikers, mailmen, mailwomen, student bodies and everybody.

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Tickets: \$10 Balcony General Admission, \$15 and \$20 Main Floor Reserved Table Seating.

Doors open at 6:00pm, award balloting continues until 7:30pm. Tickets available at the door and at: Headlines and Gramophone (Castro and Polk stores), Starlight Room, 1121 Market Near 8th. and Urban Country, 468 Castro.

Gay Bars Get High on Super Bowl



Inside Folsom Street's Ramrod on 49'er Super Bowl Sunday. (Photo by Rink)

"We're number one!" San Francisco's Gay community pulled out the stops last Sunday in anticipation of the Super Bowl win by the San Francisco 49'ers against the Cincinnati Bengals.

For the game, bars were filled all over San Francisco. Within fifteen minutes of opening at 11am, the Starlight Room had filled all their seats. The Midnight Sun opened at 12:30 and at 12:40 they were totally filled. The story repeated itself all over the City.

The start of the Super Bowl began with Diana Ross singing the "Star-Spangled Banner." Every single bar we checked stated that their customers sang the National Anthem. At Febe's the crowd became silent and then began to sing. At the Ramrod, many of the bikers removed their hats. At the Pendulum, it was their Motown soul sister and they screamed with delight just to see Ms. Ross. There, they too joined in the singing with reports that many placed their hand over their heart as they sang. It was a moving moment for a moving afternoon.

At the Starlight Room, the bar was jammed — many drawn by the national publicity the establishment has received. True to his word, Chuck Morrow threw on a size large 49'er t-shirt over a less than demure bosom and led the crowd in cheers. Bob Shore continued the tradition of giving out free drinks with each 49'er touchdown. By half-time there was no room for any more people in the bar.

At the Stables on Folsom Street, the crowd was enthusiastic throughout the afternoon. Down the street, the Ramrod was jammed with people and hundreds of balloons. The bar boasted the best sound system in the City for game.

Febe's served special banana daiquiris. By half-time they had gone through several dozen bananas (all reportedly used for the daiquiris). John Kissinger served free hot dogs and possibly the best potato salad in town. The crowd screamed with delight when it was announced that Bay Area Reporter Publisher Bob Ross was pondering the best

way to present the football he knew he was going to win from Cincinnati's *Yellow Page*, the Gay paper of the Queen City (that's what they call Cincinnati), to Dianne Feinstein.

As if nothing was to be left undone, buttons were appearing with the statement, "Win with Mae and the 49'ers in 1982." Mae is a candidate for Empress of San Francisco. Score one for creativity off the football field!

by Allen White

The crowd at the Midnight Sun was going wild as they watched the game on the giant tv screens. Outside a line waited patiently, hoping to get into the crowded bar. Across the street, the Village was overflowing.

At the Pendulum the bartenders were working to a point of overload serving the crowd jammed into the bar. One of their customers, Conan by name ("Just call me cf") had just arrived in San Francisco from his former home, New Orleans. Just out

of the Navy, he was just one of many who summed up the day as "a great experience."

At the New Bell on Polk Street, the Starlight Room, the bars on Folsom and in the Castro, the crowds screamed and shouted with delight as they counted down the seconds to end the game. The disease called 49'er fever had taken hold in the Gay community of San Francisco and the emotion of the win was a win for all of San Francisco. Many bar owners stated to the *Bay Area Reporter* that never in their histories had they experienced such emotion-packed days as they have with the 49'ers.

As Herb Caen announced Tuesday morning, San Francisco is footballed out. We agree. ■



Cheering crowd at Febe's on Folsom Street. (Photo by Rink)



Bob Shore (l), Char as a 49'er cheerleader, and John Doudey (r) at Market Street party. (Photo by Rink)

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Gay Advisory Committee Accepting New Members

The Gay Advisory Committee of the San Francisco Human Rights Commission is now accepting applications for new committee members from a broad spectrum of the Lesbian and Gay communities.

Persons interested in being on the committee may send a letter of intent, resume, and any other supporting material by March 8, 1982, to Jackie Winnow, Lesbian/Gay Community Liaison, Human Rights Commission, 1095 Market Street, #501, San Francisco, CA 94103, 558-4901.

The committee concerns itself specifically with the identi-

fication and solution of problems associated with the Lesbian/Gay communities of San Francisco. It addresses itself to discriminatory employment procedures and takes an active role in attempts to include sexual orientation under the protection of regulatory agencies, as well as informing Lesbians and Gay men as to their rights. The Gay Advisory Committee holds public hearings, works closely with community groups and government agencies to seek solutions to issues of concern to Lesbians and Gay men.

HRC Commissioner Richard Sevilla said, "The Com-

mittee attempts to represent Lesbians and Gay men in all their diversity and hopes to expand its representation of women and minorities with the addition of new members."

The Gay Advisory Committee reports directly to the Human Rights Commission and works with other HRC committees on mutual issues. One of the functions of the Human Rights Commission is to work toward rectifying discrimination against Lesbian/Gay citizens, most specifically in employment, housing and public accommodations.

49'er Fever: Castro 10, City 0

by Allen White

The game began with Diana Ross. The game ended at many Gay bars with Jeanette MacDonald singing "San Francisco." In the Castro, the Pendulum cranked the volume up to full and let the music fill the streets. People waving balloons and banners filled the sidewalk and the street singing and dancing. They were joined with the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence.

The crowd grew and 18th & Castro became not only the Gay center of the world but the only place to celebrate the excitement and the emotion of being part of the number one football team.

Within minutes the street was virtually closed to all automobile traffic. Buses tried to make it through; some did and some did after being the targets of celebration. One person jumped on top of a bus to scream and shout his delight.

Toilet paper rolls were in the air all over the area. Firecrackers were going off, music was playing from sound systems in bars, in apartments, and in cars . . . all going full blast. The crowd mushroomed to over five thousand people. Somebody made a decision to have two police sent down to keep order. Their job was hopeless, but they made the best of

open and the street safe. There was no visible police presence. Reports were received by the *Bay Area Reporter* that there were a few isolated criminal acts but overall the Castro area was, without question, one of the safest areas in the City. Credit goes to the many monitors who worked the area and to the police who made the decision not to send riot-prepared officers into the area.

★ ★ ★

In sharp contrast to the mood in the Castro area, many other areas of the city experienced outbreaks of violence. At 10pm, Channel 2 was on the air with a "live" report stating that the Broadway/Columbus area was a riot area. As the statistics began to appear on Monday from the Sunday previous, it became apparent that the party mood had turned ugly. Well over 150 people were taken to hospitals for treatment.

On Monday afternoon, the homecoming for the 49'ers created a situation that was totally out of control. Thousands, many who had waited hours, were shocked and angry to learn that the route had been changed from Market Street to Howard and they missed seeing their team.

Following the ceremonies



SF City Hall — the bands are in place, the balloons ready to lift — and sourness takes the day. (Photo by Rink)

bar. At that point, the baton was raised and was within inches of landing on the man's head.

San Francisco Examiner photographer Chris Hardy was knocked to the ground and reportedly suffered a mild concussion. Hardy was struck in the back of the head with a nightstick wielded by a tac squad sergeant.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* told the *Bay Area Reporter* that they would be follow-

ing up on the incidents of police violence and because the excessive police violence was witnessed by so many of their staff members.

Every local television station this week changed the emphasis of the 49'ers celebration from the festivities to the conduct of the police department.

It is significant to note the large number of police officers who chose to remove their badge. Many others covered

their badge with their coat. According to the Chief of Police, Police Commissioners, and several high-ranking San Francisco police officers, the removal of a badge is reason for dismissal. The largest number of officers in one group without a badge in view noted by the *Bay Area Reporter* was from the police assigned to guard the platform directly in front of City Hall. These officers were directly in

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Guys directed traffic on Super Bowl Castro Street — things were cool. (Photo by Rink)

the situation. Their badges are 1089 and 1694. If Medals of Honor are ever given out for Super Bowl Sunday, these two guys deserve acknowledgement, if not hazard pay.

At 6:30 the police in larger numbers were in formation at 18th & Collingwood to move an electric trolley bus through the 18th & Castro intersection. Seeing a riot potential if the police entered the intersection, Ron Huberman, Richard Sevilla, and the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence convinced the officers that it was mutually beneficial to allow the Gay community to monitor the area. The police agreed. The bus moved through. The police then stated they wanted the street open by 7:15 (at that time one half hour away). The Sisters gathered a group of volunteer monitors. Forming human chains, they moved the crowd back onto the sidewalk. At 7:07, eight minutes early, they reported to the police that the street was open.

For the next few hours many took turns under the direction of Sevilla and Glenn McElhinney to keep traffic

in Civic Center, a confrontation between police and celebrants began. The tension had been building throughout the afternoon and because, as Police Chief Murphy was to describe it, "the police are not paid to take this kind of abuse," they turned with force on the crowd. Forming a flying wedge, they moved through the Civic Center plaza striking any and all people in their way with their batons. One baby was literally thrown from a stroller as the parents tried desperately to protect themselves and their child.

The Starlight Room on Market Street turned out all their outside lights to give the appearance of being closed. In fact, they were filled to capacity, many of the people inside to escape the police sweeps up and down Market Street. Reports from sources monitoring police radios stated that there were at least 12 sweeps between 6th Street and 8th Street in a 30-minute period. One of the two doormen posted outside the Starlight Room missed getting hit by a baton, only when he screamed at a policeman that he was an employee of the

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VOL. XII NO. 4 JANUARY 28, 1982

NEXT ISSUE OUT: FEB. 4

NEXT DEADLINE: JAN. 29

VIEWPOINT

Bail Out or Burn Out

It was recently brought to our attention that Mayor Feinstein was nonplussed with the Gay community for failing to pull its weight. At issue were two banquets (one in December for the Chorus debt, the second a mid-January fundraiser for the Pride Foundation). A ticket for the first was \$150. A ticket for the second was \$150.

In each instance the mayor was one of the sponsors. What's more, the mayor made a commitment to each group and found herself (or so we are told) canvassing her big buck supporters to save the respective dinners from disaster. Her fat cats came through but loomed as an inordinate part of the whole. The reported mayor's chagrin: that the Gay community had fallen down on the job of buying tickets.

For both affairs at the last minute free tickets were there for the asking. (Someone had paid handsomely and turned the ducats over for distribution. Papering the house is both a show biz and political commonplace and that's why one tends to see all the same people at the same events.)

However, the same night the Pride Foundation was leaving no stone unturned to raise \$30,000 (if indeed that's what actually tinkled into their coffers) — over on Howard and Folsom a brace of Gay entrepreneurs were taking in an estimated \$200,000. Like the Pied Pipers of Hamlin, Dick Collier and John Vukas were treating 10,000 Gay revelers to a night and a morning to remember. The biggest complaint was that people couldn't get to the bars for a drink. For the record, there were three huge bars with a dozen or more bartenders serving feverishly from all four sides. Thirsty dancers were lined up eight deep, as a busy young woman (followed closely by a huge uniformed guard) dashed from cash register to cash register dropping off coin and carting away in a shopping bag large denomination bills.

For the Moscone mammoth, admission was \$15, drinks \$1, and the crowd was in thralls — transported by whatever is transporting discoettes these days.

A primary reaction would be to say the comparison is invidious whatever the terms. Agreed there is little in common between a disco bash and a charity banquet. Yet in holding the events up for scrutiny, some legitimate insights may be gained.

One set of events needed an outsider to bail them out; the other didn't even need to advertise.

We know of no one who left the Moscone affair to dress up to the Hyatt Regency. On the other hand we know of a number who couldn't wait to shed their dress-up rags and get down to where the action was on Folsom.

Can we not conclude that the unwashed of the Gay citizenry of this city is not interested in a Pride Center at Hayes and Fillmore. As the Pride articles of incorporation have blacked out the mention of Gays as their primary mission, so too have Gays watered down their never more than tepid interest in the black/white elephant on Fillmore.

More than their betters, they know in their core that outside Gays spearheading a center in the Fillmore will never appear more than absentee paternalism, at worst the most insidious form of gentrification. The million or so needed — will never be realized, for the Gay on the street neither has it to give away to others nor is he interested. To the Gay on the street, the Pride Center is as relevant as building a Moose Hall in Emeryville.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To all too many, the chorus debt is largely its own. No one will deny that their music has given thousands pleasure, enlightenment, and a sounder sense of self. On the other hand, their business acumen with regard to their road tour has given us all a collective headache. In their tour planning days they repeatedly (ad nauseam) pledged their bodies and souls that all was fiscally sound and secure. That Humpty Dumpty had a great fall is now

(Continued on next page)

LETTERS

ECCE HOMO

★ Ray Broshears' departure came as a shock to me. I knew a lot of gays would be damning the man, at this time when a lot of us (who knew him intimately) know that he leaves a gaping hole in the fabric called "gay community." Broshears, as a complex and colorful personality, is simply irreplaceable.

Without wanting to sound too effusive with admiration for this unique "country preacher" (he used to call himself), I do miss him already. I got to know him quite intimately during the 1970's when I was more of an "activist" than I am now. I was vice president of the Harry S. Truman Democratic Club, which he founded and ran. I was often involved in soliciting contributions for various causes he espoused. I contributed a couple of articles to the old *Crusader*, and when I was arrested once, Broshears jumped to my defense. (Charges were later dropped.)

I believe the analysis by psychologist Martin Stow was a correct one — that Broshears did not know how to trust and love himself enough, so that he could express love positively in a consistent way. Yet, in the eyes of God, we are all innocent, no matter what image we may cultivate about ourselves. No matter how "evil" Broshears might have thought of himself as, in his heart, he really wanted to help the helpless and do God's work on earth. God rest his immortal soul!

Michael D. Delaney
San Francisco

A NEW ORDER OF EJACULATION

★ San Francisco once had the finest public baths in the nation. Almost all of them have been converted into private, Gay only clubs.

That's fine for those who prefer to limit their sex to fellow club members. I don't like it because it limits my choices. If one belongs to only one club, he is condemned to picking from the same old tired faces that are there all the time. Out-of-towners and occasional users are discriminated against. Straight men, closet queens and those who value their privacy have been excluded. Only the most overt and daring Gays are willing to show their photo ID and place their real name and address in the club roster. Nobody knows to what use these rosters might be put in the future. If I had a good job, a profession, a military occupation, a wife, or even any good sense, I wouldn't dream of giving them my real name and address.

The Bulldog Baths is the most offensive to me. For decades it was known as the "Turk Street" or "Club" Baths. It was a public, gay-and-straight-men-together type place. There were never any conflicts and they enjoyed each other.

Cowboys from throughout the nation came to San Francisco each November for the Grand National Rodeo. Decades ago, word had gotten out that they could get their PPs sucked at the Turk St. baths, and many availed themselves of the service.

Then, they, along with all other straight men, were excluded from the fun. When they came to the window, they were told that it was now a private Gay club. Some were referred to the 8th and Howard Baths. There was a regular parade of cowboys from the Bulldog to 8th and Howard. The manager at the latter refused to admit them. One Marlboro man type was told that he was a "filthy bum" and was never to come around there again. When I found out what was going on, I took to hanging out at the corner of 8th and Howard so I could solicit them when they were rejected. I got some of the best tricks of my life that way.

Religion is part of the problem. The restrictions are the result of the Freitas agreement which, in turn, is the result of the anti-sexual religious dogmas of the police, the city authorities, and Rev. Broshears, who instigated it in the first place. The purpose of the

agreement is to contain homosexuality by restricting access to the clubs to brazen, reckless homosexuals.

My religion is, in large part, the motivation for my concern. My church is founded on the belief that male sexual starvation is the cause of evil. Many men are deprived of their ejaculations by the agreement, and I am convinced that the incidence of frustration, unhappiness, depression, violence, crime, greed and disease has increased as a result.

Members of our religious order, the Nymphs of St. Priapus, fight evil by destroying its cause. Young straight men cause most of the crime, violence, etc. so the Nymphs concentrate on sucking the meanness out of them. Freitas and police prosecution of the bushes and tearooms has seriously hampered their efforts.

With both Broshears and Freitas gone, I say it is time to trash the policy of containment agreement.

Rev. Fr. Don Jackson
St. Priapus Church
San Francisco

P.S. I'll be sending you many letters in the next few months. Honesty requires that I tell you what I'm up to before you decide to print them. The letters are printed sermons, part of my ministry.

I have a grand plan, which I hope will double the number of ejaculations in San Francisco. To do this, I must convert and recruit many nymphs of both sexes, and set them to the service of Penis. I've found ways to bring together sexually needy men and nymphs.

The mission of St. Priapus Church is vital to survival of the world. Crime, violence and greed are endemic, and nuclear destruction threatens. Blessed St. Priapus left us the key to fighting evil. Here's what he said about that 2700 years ago: "Deny not the penis its ejaculations, for that causeth men to be mean and do that which is evil. Verily, I say unto you that denial of the ejaculation is the root of all evil."

THE LAST WORD

★ So much — pro and con — has been written about the late Reverend Ray Broshears that we must conclude one unarguable fact: he succeeded in doing that which he sought — he left a permanent mark on the gay movement which neither his detractors (myself included) can erase, nor can his supporters elevate beyond his own level!

thomas m edwards
San Francisco

ANY TAKERS?

★ This is a request from the gay inmates of the Vacaville Medical Center, for a free subscription to your newspaper. At the present time we are unable to pay for a subscription because our group is in our embryonic stage.

We are sadly in need of current gay news, most of us having lost all friends and family.

We have obtained authorization to establish a gay section in our inmate library, this to consist of literature and newspapers, and hopefully provide current events and local news from the community.

We have been very fortunate in obtaining support from the community, as well as several national papers. We hope this will be taken into consideration.

Thank you in advance for your time and consideration.

Don Rucker, Gay Representative
C-35415 H-173
P.O. Box 2000
Vacaville, CA 95696-2000

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LETTERS

THE SHEER HYPOCRISY OF TRUTH

★ George Mendenhall's article on the late Rev. Broshears (B.A.R., 1/14/82) contains such cynical diatribe and vindictive innuendo that one can safely assume that Mendenhall certainly had an intense dislike for Broshears who is no longer among the living to defend himself.

Moreover, the whole article read as though it could have been written by Paul Lorch. We all know that Mr. Lorch was no friend of the late Reverend.

Indeed that Mr. Mendenhall is a fine writer. But for him to use such a sad and tragic occasion to spew forth with abrasive and sarcastic remarks in his write-up about the deceased is most appalling, and a real disservice to Broshears' many friends and relatives. I have great respect for Mr. Mendenhall, but he certainly hit a new low in journalism and showed a lack of sensitivity in some of his remarks.

Incidentally, I attended the memorial service for Reverend Broshears and I found it the height of sheer hypocrisy to see certain individuals present there who had made no bones about publicly expressing their aversion to the late Reverend, on other many occasions when Broshears was still alive.

Ed Dollak
San Francisco

"RESOLUTIONS" RESOLVE

To Conceptual Entertainment:

I would like to take this opportunity to express my opinions about the recent party produced by you at the Galleria Design Center, on December 31, 1981. I must say, that I thoroughly enjoyed the San Francisco Tap Troupe's display of talent. (Some of those men could tap their way into my heart, or wherever!)

However, that was about the only thing that I enjoyed! I can understand the "talent" (and I use the word loosely) substitution, due to what I was told was an "accident" that happened to Phyllis Nelson ("Don't Stop The Train" — I think it derailed!). But, really, Tata Vega? She hasn't even had a hit in three years, and her so-called "entertainment" did nothing more than destroy any "party mood" that Bobby Viteritti had created. (Also, I must say that I didn't find the music to be up to the standard which I know Bobby is capable of.) The other unknown talent you presented, Gavin Christopher, sounded like he was trying to imitate Bing Crosby (with a slow disco beat), and should quit while he's behind! His songs were so slow that many, if not most, people actually stopped dancing! THE PITS!!!

I am not one by nature to write "nasty" letters. I usually attribute the lack of good entertainment to the part of the entertainer, not the producer. But, I have attended the last three Conceptual Entertainment functions at the Galleria Design Center, and they have consistently deteriorated to a point where I now feel this letter is warranted.

The fact of the matter is, the quality of the parties (for which you have made quite a name for yourself) is deteriorating, while at the same time, you continue to raise the price of admission for each function you hold. WHY? I can take into account inflation (but \$40 for admission with only \$10 worth of entertainment?) and the fact that entertainers don't show (the Three Degrees also did not make their appearance at Trocadero), but the overall effect of the parties seems to be lacking even with these facts taken into account.

I have nothing against Conceptual Entertainment, no personal vendetta. I only wish to point out that the prices you are charging for admission to your parties are not in keeping with the quality of entertainment you have been providing. I hope that this situation will improve in the future; otherwise, you may find you have priced yourself right out of the entertainment department!

My sincerest wishes for a Happy (and prosperous) New Year. I hope to enjoy your next party soon.

James R. Wright
San Francisco

P.S. The Argon Laser Switching System was good, but I failed to see any "three-dimensional beam sculptures." As for the "Surprises Galore" — the only surprise to me was that everyone stayed as long as they did!

A HOOK IN THE EYE

★ I am writing you to ask you to put an item in your paper to try to perhaps save an eye of a Gay brother.

Those of us who love the such hole clubs and use them are playing Russian Roulette with the door hooks, at eye level, in the dark.

Recently I noticed that the '1808 raised some of their hooks up to about five inches from the top of the door. The other two clubs in the main triangle, the Folsom Street Club (the Corn Holes) and the GH Express, the "founder of the Art," still have many concealed hooks in the dark at eye level.

It may seem harsh to say so, but true, that I for one did not take it upon myself to seek out the owners personally and tell them about this; they may or may not realize it, and also may or may not give a damn.

It's tragic that it may or may not be taken care of by this alert to journalism. It's a sign of the world we live in that if one took up the discussion personally on the matter, the result to such a good boy scout might well be "86'd for customer complaints."

Please do what you can to save an eye. The eye you save might be your own.

Name Withheld on Request
San Francisco

KEEP STILL

★ If you can't say nothing nice, don't say nothing at all about Reverend Broshears.

Schatzi
San Francisco

IN THE HANDS OF A GAY DOCTOR

★ While a trip to any doctor's office is never pleasant, a recent trip to my gay doctor left me humiliated and depressed. The entire medical establishment seems to have confused its purpose and function, succeeding in turning health care into a series of so many profit-making corporations. But in San Francisco, where openly gay doctors thrive with the support of a large gay community, they (the gay medical establishment) have run amuck!

After a visit with my physician, during which I received a skin test for TB and instructions to get an X-ray, I went to collect my bill. There was a sign in the waiting room saying "Payment at the time of service." I had been a patient for three years and always paid my bill without any health coverage. Now that I have health insurance, I anticipated no problem, given my history. But there was a problem! They wanted my money now! At the time of service! I was taken, after explaining that I had health insurance and my current lack of funds, to see the "business manager." He very politely tried to browbeat me into handing over cash that I don't have or a credit card that I don't possess. There were references to my office (I cook for a living) and that immediate payment was somehow for my benefit. I was never threatened, but consistently interrogated about my ability to pay.

I am a fry cook by trade. I am Black. I don't earn a lot of money, but I do pay my bills. Leaving that office, it occurred to me jarringly that a majority of this city's gay population is white, male, professional, and affluent. There is no allowance made for any deviation from that criteria. The domination of this majority is simply the mirror image of the heterosexual middle class in its acquisition of property, its racism and its class structure. Gay doctors have made it very clear (I understand my doctor is not alone in this practice) that its availability is limited to the gay affluent with its "Payment at the time of service" policy.

Is a private physician a privilege of the rich? I will go to whatever service necessary to maintain my health, but I will not be restricted by classist policies without raising my voice in protest. My protest is all the more volatile because that restriction comes from my own kind.

Wayne Alexandre
San Francisco

NOT HAPPY ENCOUNTER

★ I was one of the 6,000 or so people who attended the "First Encounter" at the Moscone Center. Since it was billed as one of the years' "most remembered nights out on the town" and "the event of 1982," I had high hopes and expectations for an enjoyable evening. What I received for my \$20.00 was a night of frustration and disappointment.

My friends and I arrived at 11:00 only to wait an hour in line to check in our coats, an hour to get a drink, (luckily just before they stopped serving liquor at 1:30) and were treated to a poorly planned party in a walled off section of the Moscone Center. Surely it was put together hastily and only with the thought of profits on the promoters' minds. The entertainment started at 3:00am with Sylvester and his band (where was the advertised "full orchestra") trying their best with a sound system that was just not adequate. It was fine if you were in the center of a comparatively small, jam-packed dance floor, but it was just not audible anywhere else. Yes, the sound system was supposed to be expensive, and I'm sure it was. Still, it just did not do Sylvester justice nor the guests at the Center. At 4:00am we, and a great many of the guests, had enough. We waited once again in line for our coats and left feeling we had spent a totally wasted evening. It clearly was one of the largest gay rip-offs of the year.

To John Vukas, Dick Collier, Jr. and The Alive and Hot Company, I ask these questions: Why did you give us such a poorly staged party? Why was this "event" so understaffed? You anticipated thousands; why were there only two bartenders at any one location? Why an advertisement for bar help only days before the event?

We all fell for the advertising and rumors of special appearances; we deserve better, especially in San Francisco. It's time we demand more, get our money's worth and let these promoters know that gay people will not put up with anything less than the best. With simple calculations, they brought in more than \$100,000. I have one further question: Where did all our gay money go?

Eddie Lussier
San Francisco

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VIEWPOINT

(Continued from Page 6)

— and has been (ad nauseam) apparent since late June. The debt never seems to get any smaller. And it has become a bore. In some ways the amount of money they are in the red for is culpable and all the sweet notes and "I love you's" won't make the taste any less bitter. Perhaps this too is the thought of the Gay on the street who will never see in a lifetime the bucks the chorus blew on a triumphal wingding. And no Gay person ever saw an accounting from the chorus managers on how the pot was pissed away. Yes, Louise, somebody should have been tarred and feathered.

Life in the big city moves on. 1982 has its own set of priorities (not all of which will be last year's bad news). The '82 Parade Committee will shortly begin to ask and demand their piece of the pie. The '82 Gay August Olympics are after their very own quarter-million. '82 is an election year, and the Gay clubs will be building war chests. Every pol from Gay aspirant to some clucks who think we owe them a favor will have their hands out and their bottomless purses open.

And these are only the tip of the laundry list of Gay causes needing funds.

Yes, it is true that some Gays and Lesbians are irretrievably selfish.

Yes, it is equally true that \$150 is a week's take-home pay for thousands of those supposed spare moneyed Gays we're always reading about. Like their heterosexual young counterparts, their money goes on rent, food, and drugs.

In the long and short of it, I don't believe the Gay community fell down on these two most worthy fundraisers. The masses weren't buying in.

For the mayor's efforts — laudable — for without her push both affairs would have fallen flatter. No reason, then, to be miffed or mystified as to the lack of broad support — that might be a matter once again of who the mayor is talking and listening to.

That's why one — if one is truly interested in a Gay constituency — has Gay staffers, Gay appointees, Gay advisors with their fingers on the overall pulse of what's up. Not just the up-town, toney set...

P. Lorch

"GAY ATHEIST LEAGUE OF AMERICA may well be the fastest growing gay group concerned with the issue of religion in America today" ADVOCATE, Jan. 10, 1980
IF YOU BELIEVE organized religion is the worst enemy of lesbians and gay men, write for a free copy of GALA Review: GALA/San Francisco, Box 14142, San Francisco CA 94114

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Atlas Plans Grand Opening

Atlas Savings & Loan Association will celebrate its Grand Opening Week starting Tuesday, February 16. Atlas is the first financial institution to be owned and operated primarily by Gays with the intention of actively seeking business from and to serve the Gay community.

The Grand Opening Festivities will include:

- Wednesday, February 17, 6 to 8pm - a reception for

the industry, press and other guests.

- Thursday, February 18, 6 to 8pm - a reception for the 2000 Atlas stockholders. The receptions will be held at the Atlas location, 1967 Market Street (corner of Duboce) with free off-street parking in the Atlas lot.

- Opening Week - Tuesday, February 16 through Saturday, February 20 - Atlas will hold a daily drawing

during this week for a \$100 savings account which will be donated to the favorite San Francisco charity of each day's winner. The public is invited to register for the drawings during any business day of the Grand Opening Week.

In celebration of the Grand Opening, Atlas is also offering \$100 savings accounts in return for a \$95 deposit starting February 16 through March 17, 1982.

Gay Cop Washes Out,

[Continued from Page 1]

"In early December of 1981 a sign appeared on the bathroom wall in the Men's Locker Room of Northern Station," Cady wrote in his Complaint. The center of the sign read "CADDY AND ALL FAGGOTS OUT OF SAN FRANCISCO." This capitalized slogan was surrounded three times on the sides by the subsidiary comment "KILL ALL FAGGOTS." Cady explained to the *Bay Area Reporter* that nobody has access to this bathroom but police officers.

Examples of departmental homophobia and harassment were not limited to on-duty experiences. On December 14, 1981, Cady, in civilian clothes and off-duty, was near the intersection of Castro and Market. Two police officers in an unmarked police car — a green Plymouth — yelled across the street at him. "Are you a fairy police officer?" they shouted. Cady filed a complaint about this incident, but it was never followed up, and he does not know who was in the car.

The homophobic nature of his companions was most clearly revealed during the Field Training course. One officer always referred to Cady as "Girl," going out of his way to address Cady thusly. Cady told him to knock it off, but the officer persisted. "On one occasion," Cady related, "he yelled across the room at me, asking if I had a hard night and if my ass was sore." This officer also made a habit of telling other officers that Cady was Gay.

Matters escalated during the course of the Field Training program. Cady states in his complaint that his second FT Officer (i.e. instructor) "would not talk to me. He did not train me. He graded me incorrectly on my Daily Observation Reports (DOR's)." When Cady mentioned this, the FTO stated, "I'll grade you the way I want to."

Cady complained to Sgt. Kelly, who placed him with another FTO. This officer found that Cady was three weeks behind in his training due to the purposeful laxity of his second FTO. They worked to catch up, but when Cady asked if he could remain working with his new FTO, "the reply was 'No.'"

Cady's fourth FTO was a copy of his second indifferent teacher. This officer refused to converse with Cady or instruct him, and once again Cady received no training. This FTO even forced Cady to violate the law. While patrolling with the FTO in the Tenderloin, the officer instructed Cady to harass people on a streetcorner. Cady told the *Bay Area Reporter*, "I told him that I did not have Probable Cause and it was a violation of these people's civil rights, but (the officer) said he did not care. He was my FTO and I was going to do as he said."

Cady also claims the officer purposefully gave him low marks on his DOR, grading him while watching television. Cady related that one evening he apprehended, arrested, handcuffed and booked a man who had been burglarizing a grocery store. "This was not even mentioned on my DOR," Cady said, although he was downgraded for supposedly "back-talking" to a suspect in the Tenderloin. Cady mentioned the omission of the burglary incident, and told the *Bay Area Reporter* the FTO retorted, "What do you want, a medal?" It was at this time that the FTO said he'd grade Cady the way he wanted to.

Another dramatic incident concerned a boxing match, a mandatory part of Physical Training. Cady was told to box an ex-Marine sergeant a good deal larger and heavier than himself. Boxers are supposed to be evenly matched. According to Cady's complaint, this man told Cady that he had been instructed by the Physical Training staff to knock Cady out. "I also learned there were bets around the Academy as to if I would get into the ring with (the man) or not," reads Cady's Complaint. Cady informed his staff Sergeant, who instructed the Physical Training staff and the other boxer not to allow the match to occur. "The very next day," wrote Cady in his Complaint, "the staff put boxing gloves on (the man) and myself and made us box. They had to stop the fight because I was full of blood." Cady was placed on probation for fighting this fight he was forced into, while his superiors were not chastised for permitting the fight after they had been told not to let it happen.

At this time Cady was told that the FT Office was going to "move for resignation." Officer Ernie Fementos, on December 14, 1981, told Cady that if the FTO terminated him, he could never hold a City position. Fementos, according to Cady's Complaint, informed Cady that he'd seen Cady's DOR's and that Cady did not have a chance to appeal his termination, due to his low grades. Cady was led to believe that if he voluntarily resigned, he could get a position in Law Enforcement, perhaps with the D.A. or Sheriff's Department. Fearing that he'd be barred from his chosen career if the FTO terminated him, he resigned, only to be told shortly afterward that he had been given incorrect advice.

Cady spoke with Commissioner Jo Daly, who asked Chief Con Murphy to review the case. Cady met with Murphy, who was "very polite," according to Cady, and said that he'd schedule a hearing so that Cady could air his case. Two days later, Deputy Chief Shannon told Cady that his case was in the hands of the Civil Service

Commission. "I feel something was done behind my back," Cady told the *Bay Area Reporter*, "because the police don't want me to come back on the Force."

"I feel the whole thing was a set-up to wash me out of the program because I was Gay," Cady said. "I was not judged as a Police Officer, but as a Gay person being shoved down their throat. Some of the FTOs are very young. How can you expect maturity in training in this situation? They just weren't ready for it."

Cady's allegations are on file with the Civil Service Commission, but it proved difficult for the *Bay Area Reporter* to acquire any corroboration. Sgt. Kelly of Northern Station was "not at liberty to discuss Police Department position," and Police Academy head Captain Klapp told the *Bay Area Reporter* that "comments made by Cady are confidential matters." Captain Klapp felt he might be "violating confidentiality" if he discussed the matter. Commissioner Daly said she hadn't seen the documentation. Fearing to jeopardize a forthcoming investigation, she could only state that she had talked to Cady, and had advised him to get his documentation in order.

Only Commissioner Jane Murphy could shed any light on the case. When told of the false premises under which Cady's resignation was obtained, Murphy told the *Bay Area Reporter*, "Oh, they tell that to a lot of people."

Cady has been informed by friends within Northern Station that a sign, written on departmental memo paper, was posted in the station. This letter solicited support from FTO's to go out on strike if Cady was allowed to rejoin the force.

Although his past experience and training may be a factor, Cady is mystified that the FTO's appear threatened by him. "Why do they fear me?" he asked this reporter.

Cady, who was awarded Unemployment Compensation due to the nature of his complaint and the fact that the department wouldn't discuss the matter with Unemployment officials, now awaits the mandatory investigation. He feels strongly about his case and the treatment of minorities within the Police Force.

His Complaint discusses frequent and surprising instances of discrimination against women officers and members of other minorities as well as the instances of homophobic treatment.

"Something has to be done to stop anti-Gay prejudice in the Academy," Cady said. "There is no room for this sort of prejudice in a Police Department, especially in a city like San Francisco."

"If they succeed in getting rid of me, they will proceed to get rid of all Gays in the future." John F. Karr ■

Polk Street Celeb Slain

by Allen White

Last Thursday night, Gangway Suzie, one of San Francisco's most loved and respected Gay personalities, was murdered. The incident happened just hours after he celebrated his tenth anniversary as head bartender at the Gangway, a neighborhood Gay bar on Larkin Street.

Police have booked Douglas Toney, 27, for the killing. He was arrested after boasting of the murder to patrons at the Lion Pub, another bar, located at Divisadero and Sacramento Streets.

Gangway Suzie's real name is Allan Slezewski. He has a sister living in the Midwest who the Coroner's office is attempting to locate. There is a will and the executor of the estate is a former lover who is now living in Florida. As the *Bay Area Reporter* went to press, plans for services and disposition of the body were still pending. He was 52.

Last Thursday night there was a party to celebrate his tenth anniversary at the Gangway. Affectionately known as "Gangway Suzie," he had made an imprint on

San Francisco's Gay community. Every year in the Spring he would present the "Southern Cotillion." His boss, Joe Roland told the *Bay Area Reporter* that "he was one of the best in the business. He knew how to do his job." Roland added, "He was one bartender who was a real pro at handling his customers." His party was a huge success. Another bartender, Ron, noted that they had two cakes, and the clientele, mostly regular customers, were generous in their love for their "Gangway Suzie." That love was returned. One of his favorite sayings was, "I love my darlings." In tribute to this neighborhood personality, customers who have known "Suzie" for years showed up, filling the bar to capacity.

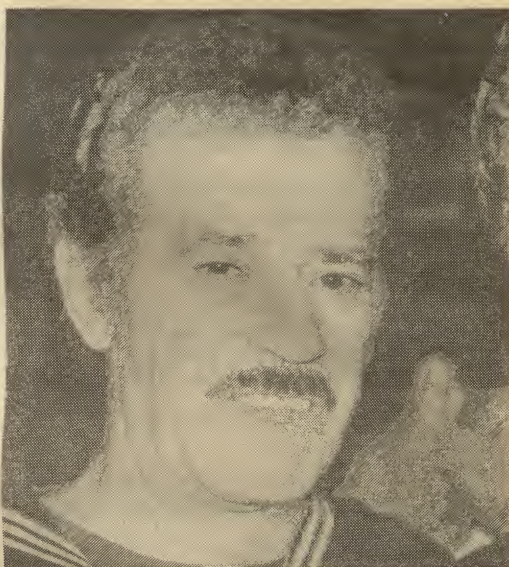
Bay Area Reporter Publisher Bob Ross stated that Gangway Suzie was important. He gave high priority to the man and the position he held in the Gay community of the city.

One of many who had recently benefited from the generosity of Gangway Suzie was Randy Johnson. Suffering

from a serious illness, Johnson said, "Suzie was an outspoken man but a man with a real heart." He was one of the people who helped raise money for Johnson at a recent auction at the Watering Hole.

It is believed that the murder occurred early Friday morning. It appears that he picked up someone at another Polk Street area bar and they went to his apartment. Slezewski, according to the Coroner's report, died from multiple stab wounds to the chest and neck. His alleged killer, Douglas Toney, reportedly was bragging of the killing in the Lion Pub on Friday night and a customer called police. Toney was booked and charged with murder on Saturday morning.

Saturday night the Gangway was filled with its regular customers. The mood was melancholy as the bartender, John, played music of the Twenties. In the center of the bar was a floral piece; across the flowers was carried the simple statement, "In Loving Memory of Suzie." Memorial services are pending. ■



Allan Slezewski, a.k.a. Gangway Suzie, victim of fatal stabbing the night of his 10th Anniversary. (Photo by Rink)

Gay Olympics

laws, incorporated by the Fifth Amendment. There is a discriminatory action on the part of the USOC which has sanctioned the 'Junior Olympics' and the 'Special Olympics,' but has looked the other way on the Armenian 'Olympics,' the 'Crab Cooking Olympics,' the 'Diaper Olympics,' the 'Rat Olympics,' and the 'Dog Olympics,' while at the same time takes exception to the term 'Gay Olympic Games.'"

Waddell hoped that the issue could be settled amicably — if not, his group would be more than willing to take the issue before the courts. He told Miller that the Gay Olympics were making every reasonable effort to follow a moratorium in the use of the privileged word until they

(Continued from Page 1)

could resolve the problem. However, he warned, "This avoidance is causing our organization demonstrable injuries, including . . . an inability to distribute literature and other items." The squashing of First Amendment rights he argued are even more injurious.

He called for an urgent resolution. If not the San Francisco Gay athletic games will sue. His letter even quoted relevant court cases to make his point: that Miller's position "is factually incorrect and legally unsupported." He gave Miller until February 1 to reply.

Mary Dunlap has agreed to serve as legal counsel for the Gay Olympics organization which are scheduled for August 1982 in San Francisco.

STONEWALL

(Continued from page 3)

Lesbian history. And I want to be sure people are aware that the event was conceived by Paul Boneberg of Stonewall. Paul thought it up, made the contacts, and called the first meeting to plan it. Then a lot of people got to work and made it happen. Most of these people do not want their names in the paper."

Gardiner went on to say that plans are afoot for another event of a similar nature. "We are going to evaluate and consider doing at least one more event like this — low-priced and nonpolitical. It has to be more or less nonpolitical because our three groups do not have all that much in common. I think Stonewall is perhaps the only club that could do this because its membership ranges from quite conservative to outspoken radical, and that's how it becomes the entry

point for many into politics. Stonewall believes in maintaining an open forum for ideas. We're not strong on party-giving, and that's where the others come in. ALGA worked very hard to produce the superb buffet. BWMT, especially Chuck Nevin, took care of the decoration of the large place for the party."

Among those who worked hard on the arrangements were Stanley Ing, Bill Matsumoto and Hoover Lee, who together produced the buffet, staffed the door admissions booth, and designed the flyer.

Early predictions had been for a crowd of 250 people, and the rain indicated less than that. But in the first hour 200 people arrived. And though not everyone stayed the whole time, there was a capacity crowd at the peak time, about 11:15pm. Many stayed on until closing at 1:45am.

★ ★ ★

Stonewall Gay Democratic Club meets on the First Monday of the month. At the next meeting, Monday, February 1, the speaker will be Senator Nicholas Petris of Oakland. Club elections will be held, and the new officers will be installed by Agar Jaicks, County Chair of the Democratic Party in San Francisco. The meeting starts at 7:30pm in the Women's Building, 3543 18th Street, and the public is welcome to attend. ■

Ben Gardiner

49'er Fever:

(Continued from Page 5)

front of the Mayor, the Chief of Police, the Sheriff, many members of the Board of Supervisors and other city officials. Realizing that the removal of their badges was a reason for dismissal, it can be viewed as an action by these officers to make a statement of their shame and lack of pride at being a member of the San Francisco Police Department.

Violent behavior was not only exhibited by police. The condition in downtown San Francisco became one of almost total anarchy. The tires were slashed on the Mayor's car. Stores such as The Gap on Market Street were looted.

Associate Editor of the *Bay Area Reporter*, John Karr was mugged on Van Ness as he headed to a concert at Davies Hall.

Monday night with the violence level peaking downtown, the Community United Against Violence set up patrols in the Castro area as a preventative measure. In the Castro area, there were no reports of violence.

Following the dramatic violence on Market Street and in Civic Center on Monday, the 49'er fever seemed to diminish rapidly. ■

Allen White

Design Sought for Women's Float

"If you have a flair for designing large objects that are carried by trucks down Market Street in the blazing sun/fog, then you could win \$100 in the Bay Area Women's Float Committee design competition for the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade in June," reported Chris Simpson this week.

Designs are being solicited to be submitted by March 16 to be voted on by the commit-

tee membership on March 30. The design artist will be awarded a prize of \$100 for her design and act as a consultant to the construction of the float. Last year's float was "Hot Child in the City" and previous floats have included such themes as "Harmony is the Key."

Contact Chris at 922-2840 or attend a meeting of the committee on February 2 or 16 at Amelia's for more information.

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ALICE Elects New Officers



Alice for '82: (l to r) Arthur Morris, Janelle Moon, Jo Kuney, President Connie O'Connor, Margaret Frost, Jim McWhirter, Past President Steve Walters, Vice President Sal Rosselli. (Photo by Rink)

At the January 11, 1982, meeting of the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club, new officers were elected. The new officers, who will be working together in this year of substantial political importance for San Franciscans, are:

President Connie O'Connor. Connie was re-elected to her second term as the club's president in a vote of confidence. She is a deputy sheriff in San Francisco.

Sal Rosselli, Vice-President. Sal is the business agent for Local 9 and is the past Political Action Committee Chair of ALICE.

Jo Kuney, Corresponding Secretary. This is Jo's third term as corresponding secretary. She serves on the city's Open Space Advisory Board and is a partner in a political consulting firm.

Margaret Frost, Recording Secretary. Margaret comes to this position from

being active on the Women's Outreach Committee. She is a community activist.

Jim McWhirter, Treasurer. This is Jim's second term. He is a C.P.A. and a major producer of flowering bulbs.

Arthur Morris, Publicity Director. Arthur is an aide to Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver, and is a Board member of the Theatre Rhinoceros.

In addition, the following committee chairs were elected, and also sit on the Executive Committee:

Women's Caucus: Janelle Moon. Janelle has been working with the Alice Women's Caucus, and is active in the National Organization for Women. She is a professional photographer.

Membership Committee: Law Wilson. Law is a long-time member of ALICE, and is an attorney with the San Francisco Police Department.

Political Action: Louise Minnick. Louise is the past chair of the Women's Caucus, and works in the Sheriff's Department.

Finance Committee: Jeff Jones. Jeff is a community activist and grantwriter. His background is with the Anti-Nuke movement and is a past student body president of the University of Texas.

Newsletter Editor: Roberto Estevas. Roberto is a Library Communications specialist and is a member of the San Francisco Telecommunications Advisory Committee.

Issues: Randy Stallings. Randy is in his second term as Issues Committee chair, and is a community activist through the Unitarian Church.

Past President: Steve Walters, as the immediate past president serves on the executive committee and offers guidance through his experience.

(Continued from Page 1)

'Gambling 8' Get Property

When the group appeared in court, all charges were dropped "in the interest of justice." Judge Von Beroldingen ruled at the time that a nonprofit group was seeking to benefit a nonprofit charity. Everyone at the time was unhappy with the discriminatory police action, yet the DA's office (presumably under SFPD pressure) maintained that the confiscated goods not be returned.

Everyone was back in court last week. Attorney Tom Horn said in their attempt to keep the property the Assistant DA put up a vigorous prosecution. "It was not token resistance," he said, "they did not roll over."

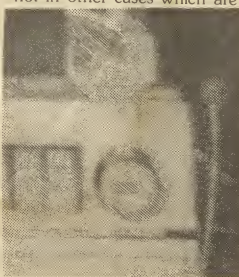
The judge did not agree with the police. "This Court has seen no evidence that there has ever been any seizure of gambling devices in any other charitable operation... in the City of San Francisco," she said.

"I think the Court can take judicial notice of the fact that there is not a parish in town that does not have as its chief fundraising activity, wheels of fortune, blackjack, craps — you name it.

"This is not only well-known to the Police Department; police officers are seen parading up and down in

front of the church social halls where these activities are being conducted."

After noting these practices for charity have been going on for generations, she continued in her upbraid of the police, "I fail to see why we now suddenly have to enforce a statute... here, and not in other cases which are



more rampant.

"I think we have a classic case of discriminatory enforcement, if, in fact, this is gambling. I don't believe it is." The judge went on to instruct the police on the intention of the laws against gambling and the difference of charity games of chance. "Everybody knew the games were rigged against them. It was providing some fun in order to make it a little more amusing, to contribute to a good cause — just as they do in church festi-

vals." Circus-Circus, an annual event, is sponsored by the Tavern Guild. The 10-year old affair this year planned to donate proceeds to Operation Concern, the Gay Men's Chorus, the Gay Softball League, and the Tavern Guild Foundation. This year they were hoping to raise \$5000.

The judge concluded that as there was no gambling going on "in the sense used by the statute" all of the property will be returned (including the slot machines, as they were antiques).

The Deputy District Attorney then requested a two-week stay of execution which was granted. The "Gambling 8" will pick up their property this week.

Defense Attorney Horn — who is also the Gay representative on the War Memorial Board of Trustees — summed it up with, "The entire incident was unnecessary and unfortunate. The event of 10 years' standing was put on by dedicated people who did not profit. They were simply trying to help others less fortunate than themselves. It was a waste of the taxpayers' money, the court's time, police resources, and the time of everyone involved."

Paul Lorch

Individual Retirement Accounts (IRA's)

Prior to the Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981, IRA's were available only to workers who were not covered by a qualified pension plan. Now in 1982 any wage-earner may start an IRA, even if they are self-employed and have a Keogh account. A Keogh account is a retirement account for the self-employed similar to an IRA but with higher yearly contribution limits: 15% of one's income up to a maximum of \$15,000.

In an IRA you may contribute up to \$2000 of your earned income each year (up from \$1500 allowed in the past). These contributions are tax-deductible in the year made (i.e., your taxable income is reduced by the full amount of the contributions) and taxes (including capital gains, dividends, and interest) are deferred until the funds are withdrawn. The withdrawals will then be taxed as ordinary income, but probably at a lower rate, since you will more than likely be in a lower tax bracket at the time of withdrawal. You may begin to make withdrawals without penalty when you are 59½ years old or older. You must begin making withdrawals at age 70½ either by closing the account or by taking payments at a rate that will exhaust the account by the end of your expected life span. If you withdraw funds before age 59½, you must pay a penalty tax of 10% of the amount withdrawn, and the withdrawal is taxable as ordinary income in the year withdrawn.

The benefit of tax deferral is so great that it can offset the penalty tax for early withdrawal. For example, if you

are in a 50% tax bracket, and your IRA earns 12% a year, the higher effective rate of return you receive will cover the 10% penalty in just over six years. There is no penalty for early withdrawal if a person becomes permanently disabled, and if they die, there is no penalty to the beneficiary.

The intent of the liberalized IRA and Keogh regulations is to encourage individuals to provide for their own retirement, augmenting the pension and Social Security benefits to which they may be entitled. The benefits of these programs are so great, however, that every working person — irrespective of retirement needs — should open an IRA (and/or a Keogh plan, if self-employed) even if the money must be taken from other investments. For example, \$2000 invested yearly in an IRA at a 12% rate of return would grow to \$83,507 after 15 years and \$540,584 after 30 years. The same investment at 12% in an unsheltered account would grow to \$26,888 after 15 years and \$101,073 after 30 years. These figures for unsheltered savings assume a 50% tax bracket. If you could achieve an average annual return of 16%, the yearly \$2000 contribution to your IRA would grow to \$1.23 million after 30 years. That certainly is an incentive for you to make a \$166.67 a month tax-deductible contribution to yourself for your future.

In starting an IRA, you must select some financial institution to act as trustee or custodian. Banks and other savings institutions will accept IRA's for a minimal fee. They offer a few types of federally

insured certificates of deposit. Your money may be locked into the certificate you buy for 1½ years or more, subject to a penalty of six months interest for early withdrawal, and you may not earn as high a return as you could get elsewhere.

Mutual fund families can offer you a wide variety of investment options at a minimal cost. Since a fund family counts as a single trustee, you can switch among funds at a small cost whenever you like, moving between a growth fund, a money market fund, or a corporate bond fund, etc., depending on the stock market outlook. Your stock-

"Setting up a retirement account makes good investment sense."

— Jim Mock

broker can advise you about the merits of the various funds as market conditions change.

If you feel comfortable managing your own portfolio, you may want to open up a "self-directed" IRA with your stockbroker. These accounts cost a little more to maintain than other types, but it may be worth it to you since this type of account gives you the highest degree of flexibility and personal control.

If you are establishing an account with the intention of saving for retirement, you may wish to confine yourself to more conservative, yield-oriented investments such as corporate bonds or bond funds and high-yielding stocks or high-income funds.

If you open an account purely as a tax shelter, and your retirement needs are already well provided for, you can be more aggressive. You can invest in the more speculative growth funds, and you can buy and sell stocks with the timing based entirely on your market judgement, without concern for the tax consequences; e.g., you need not hold a stock for over a year in order to avoid the less favorable short-term capital gain taxation because, in an IRA, the taxes are deferred on all profits that accrue to the account.

Whatever your financial objectives are and whatever investment strategies you find most appropriate, setting up a retirement account makes good investment sense. Plan tomorrow today. The sooner you've invested, the sooner you'll start earning tax-deferred dollars.

READER CONTRIBUTIONS

THANKS TO Mr. B. B. from Berkeley, who wrote in on December 12, 1981, with three good questions: "1. Why are so many jumping into money market funds now when the rates are dropping fairly fast? 2. How safe are S&L's (Savings & Loans) and thrift institutions? With so many articles since September on how broke the S&L's are, how are they able to pay such high interest? 3. From January to September 1981 the money market rates were so high because the government was borrowing so much and because it was the chief borrower. The same is true October to December 1981. Yet their (money market) rates are falling quite fast. Ex-

plain." People invest in money market funds for many reasons, among which are high current income, liquidity, and preservation of capital. They often invest temporary funds, between other investments, and when they are confused as to market directions.

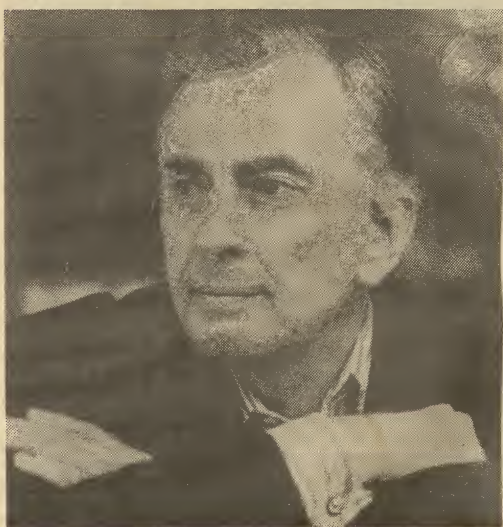
Savings & Loans' accounts are insured up to \$100,000 by the FDIC (Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.). Most thrift institutions' accounts are guaranteed up to \$10,000 by the Thrift Guaranty Corp. They are able to pay high rates because they charge higher rates on their loans. Some of the older Savings & Loans are having problems because they have old loans outstanding on their books at very low rates compared to the current cost of their money.

The rates on money market funds fluctuate with the changes in demand for credit by consumers and businesses, as well as the U.S. Government. The rates depend on the average maturity of the fund's portfolio, the securities therein, changes in interest rates and operating expenses, and the effects of the Federal Reserve Board deposit requirements.

To quote Louis Rukeyser from a recent "Wall Street Week" TV program, "If you weren't confused in 1981, you weren't paying attention."

Please call me at (415) 566-8634 or write to Jim Mock, c/o Thomas F. White & Co., Inc., PO Box 14343, San Francisco, CA 94114, if you would like to receive an IRA application.

Vidal at Town Meeting



Novelist, playwright, screenwriter, and Gay defender Gore Vidal, who might seek the Democratic Party's nomination for a U.S. Senate seat from California, will appear at a "Town Meeting with Gore Vidal" in San Francisco on January 29. Vidal will offer prepared remarks and answer questions from the audience.

The event, which will be held at Everett Junior High School, 450 Church Street (at 16th), is being sponsored by four local Gay Democratic clubs which are members of the California Democratic Council, the largest grassroots Democratic organization in the nation.

Lia Belli, president of the California Democratic Council (CDC), will moderate the town hall meeting, which begins at 8 p.m.

Proceeds from the event will be used by the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club, the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club, the Stonewall Gay Democratic Club and the Barbary Coast Democratic Club to benefit their 1982 political action funds. A \$1 donation will be asked for the town hall meeting.

Earlier the same evening, Vidal will appear at a \$7.50 per person no-host cocktail party at the Gallery de Medici, 400 Jefferson, San Francisco.

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To enter Sweepstakes, write or visit Hotel Casa Loma, 800 Fillmore St. (at Fell), San Francisco, CA 94117, for details, rules, entry blank, floor plan, rates. Prizes transferable. Women entrants welcome. All entrants must be 21 or older. No purchase necessary. Sweepstakes closes December 31, 1982.

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Elephant Walk

CUAV

Safety in the Streets

In the last couple of months Community United Against Violence, Inc. (CUAV) has received nearly seventy assault reports. Here is a brief sampling:

1. Valencia and 24th Sts.: Eight youths, approximate ages 17-20, attacked two men sitting on a bench waiting for a bus. The victims sustained light lacerations to the face, swelling and body bruises.

2. Polk and Sutter Sts.: Two youths in their early 20's verbally assaulted and robbed a Gay man of \$80.

3. John Mose Park, City of San Jose: On the way home with a man he met in a nearby bar, the victim and his attacker stopped in the park at the suggestion of his assailant. The victim was beaten and robbed. The victim sustained a broken nose, chipped teeth, numerous cuts and bruises, and he required a number of facial stitches.

4. Noe and 18th Sts.: Four youths in their late teens spotted the victim while cruising the neighborhood. They parked their car, got out and moved toward the victim. The victim was slammed against the wall, knocked down, kicked in the face and ribs several times, and left at the scene. The incident was clearly homophobic as the assailants expressed numerous anti-Gay statements prior to the attack. The victim required several days of extensive support by CUAV volunteers to cope with his trauma.

5. Dolores and 15th Sts.: Four teenagers attacked the victim from behind. The victim sustained cuts and bruises and lost partial sight in one eye after emergency surgery to remove a broken contact lens.

6. Fillmore and McAllister Sts.: While waiting for a bus, the victim was assaulted and robbed by three youths in their early 20's.

7. Guerrero between 15th & 16th Sts.: Three youths in their late teens verbally and physically assaulted the victim in an unsuccessful robbery attempt. The victim's use of a whistle startled the assailants and prevented them from continuing their attack.

8. Irving between 19th & 20th Aves.: Six teenagers verbally, and at knife point, attacked the victim. The victim's quick thinking and fleet feet prevented personal injury.

9. Castro and 19th Sts.: Two fifteen year olds verbally attacked the victim as he walked in his neighborhood.

10. California and Divisadero Sts.: A German tourist was attacked and robbed by two teenagers, ages 12 and 16. The victim's shouts for help prevented them from continuing their attack. His screams also brought a police presence. The victim praised both the quick response time and the professional attitude of the police.

11. Land's End: Six youths, average age 16, verbally and physically assaulted the victim in the parking lot.

12. Leavenworth and Eddy Sts.: A 30 year old assailant verbally and physically attacked the victim. The vic-

tim sustained a severe head wound requiring emergency care. Quick thinking by a witness prevented further injury to the victim.

13. Valencia and 17th Sts.: A 30 year old male verbally assaulted and attempted to rape a Lesbian. Her

Avoiding Trouble on Trains and Trolleys

Whether it be Muni Metro, BART, taxi or diesel bus, public transportation today poses some perils. As a first precaution know your bus or train schedule to limit the time you must wait — especially at night. Always carry a whistle.



Waiting for a bus — don't drift into unawareness. Keep alert — whistle at hand. (Photo by Rink)

GUIDELINES FOR WAITING

- When waiting in a deserted place, have your whistle or shriek alarm at ready — out and in your hand.

- Be alert while waiting. Don't get so involved in reading the newspaper that you fail to notice a person coming up to you.

- I don't like this one, but experts say stand in the shadows if it's dark and you're the only one waiting. Ideally stand where you can see the bus when it comes but cannot be easily seen by passers-by in cars.

- Move away from trouble calmly and quickly. For example, you don't have to stay on the lower platform of BART or Muni Metro if a menacing drunk is present. In NYC late at night train riders will wait upstairs or stay near the attendant's booth and when the train pulls in they move down the stairs. Also, one can always walk to another bus stop.

- Never stand right at the edge of the platform in any railway station. Ride near the driver if possible.

- Don't get off at your destination if it's deserted and your intuition tells you another passenger or a group of youths may attempt to follow you. Continue to the nearest stop where you can exit safely. If need be, call a cab, or

screams for help brought an immediate police response. The police were courteous and professional in the victim's opinion.

ARE YOU A VICTIM?

If you walk down the street with the attitude that you are too weak/too old/too small/too out of shape to defend yourself, you're more likely to be selected as a victim. Try not to project your vulnerability to a person who's looking for a victim. Your personal bubble of safe-

where you can, get another train or bus to take you back to your original destination.

- Women — regardless — shouldn't accept rides from strangers. Men are less than prudent accepting a ride from a group of young males.

ty begins with your attitude.

If you see danger coming, don't focus on what could happen to you. Breathe deeply: the oxygen clears the head. Use your fear: acknowledge it and get on with the most appropriate course of action for the situation.

Behavior that makes you appear vulnerable:

- Looking frightened
- Avoiding eye contact
- Ignoring danger signals
- Being easily intimidated by verbal taunts and threats
- Acting friendly and trusting even in suspicious circumstances

- Looking stoned, drunk or self-conscious about where you are and who is around you

Behavior that makes you appear assertive:

- Looking confident
- Walking tall
- Making eye contact
- Showing no fear
- Keeping your wits about you

- Getting quickly away from a dangerous situation if you suspect one

- Refusing to be intimidated or immobilized by verbal taunts or threats

- Acting in a loud, rude manner; making a scene or appearing paranoid

- Staying alert: being aware of where you are and who is around you

CUAV RECOMMENDS:

1. Carry and use a whistle, if not for your own self-protection, then for use to call for help to aid someone who is being assaulted.

2. Walk with a friend or in a group of friends.

3. Walk purposefully; try not to stroll unless it's a neighborhood you know well.

4. Trust your instincts: be aware of your surroundings.

5. Avoid shortcuts through parks, tunnels, parking lots and alleys. Travel main thoroughfares whenever possible.

6. At night, walk in open places or places that are well-lit.

7. Women should avoid carrying a purse. Rather they should wear comfortable clothes with pockets thereby eliminating the need for carrying a purse.

8. Carry only an amount of money you can afford to lose. Men should carry two wallets, if possible. The first with all the vital papers, credit cards or money, and the second wallet being the one to give to a robber.

9. Have your keys in your hands when you approach your house, apartment or car, and be alert for strangers loitering nearby.

10. Keep in mind that your voice is a tool for self-protection. If attacked, let out the most piercing, most glass-shattering scream you can muster, aiming it right between your attacker's eyes. When your assailant flees, change the scream to specific words: "Help, Police! Murder! Rape!" or "Stop, Thief!" This alerts people to the specific nature of the crime.

11. Fight back if you've prepared yourself to do so, e.g. taken a mace class or Karate/judo course or are a somewhat experienced street fighter.

12. Know when to run, especially when the odds are against you and your friend(s).

Report it! Call CUAV at UNITED-1.

Bob Smith

Compiled by
Paul-Francis Hartmann

MEDIA QUEEN

Dark Angel

KONSTANTIN BERLANDT

"All the toilets are going to flush in San Francisco at 12 o'clock Monday."

— Rev. Ray Broshears

In such a hurry to get to the memorial service, I poked the mascara applicator in my eye. Tears running down my made-up cheek looked perfectly in character: The Other Woman, so scorned her name wasn't even in the will, but torn stockings wouldn't keep her away from the funeral. A drag queen from off one of those floats in the Rev. Ray Broshears' early organized Stonewall commemoration parades — one of his finer acts, along with his muckraking columns.

For all his heinous crimes, only alluded to by the eulogists at a ceremony Monday noon at Trinity Episcopal Church at Bush and Gough Streets (the above quote the last on a telephone answering tape his friend Elmer Wilhelm claims to have erased Rev. Ray was in the finest tradition of American *Enquirer* journalism.

The way he flipflopped on issues, he was wrong at least 50 percent of the time. So if your name appeared in his column attached to something you'd never even think of doing, you could shrug it off: Who reads him anyway?

On the other hand, if he wrote something true about you, or something you wanted to see get out there, chances are you'd be thanking the man for being the only one in the Gay press brave enough to write about it.

I remember dropping the *Crusader* in the trash like slime I didn't want on my fingers after his lies about the "Stop the Movie 'Cruising'" campaign, added to those the old *Sentinel* fabricated.

Yet Ray was back in '81 running sections of a Workers World Party pamphlet on Gay Socialism and applauding the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Committee or Man/Boy Love when the rest of the Gay press hadn't a nice word to say about either.

The kiss of death? I wondered. Was an endorsement from Rev. Ray an asset or a liability? With all the people he'd made lifelong enemies, wasn't his praise as welcome as a Soviet Premier's endorsement to an American Presidential hopeful?

And with all the rumors about Ray as a CIA operative I also wondered if his occasionally long spells of coherent and incisive observations weren't just an attempt to build up credibility in the community again, before his next dastardly deed.

Without a closet employer, why else would he stir up red light abatement that closed a number of favorite Gay haunts in the late 70's?

Or when the *Progress* asked for hate mail to recall Harry Britt and the other seven Supervisors who voted for the Jaguar last January, why was Broshears' among the

submitted letters, accusing Britt of voting for the club only because its owner, Ron Ernst, was such a big contributor to the Britt campaign? With friends like Ray, who needed any enemies?

And wasn't it so widely held that Rev. Ray instigated the CMC Carnival raid in '80 that he went front page with a denial, convincing nobody?

People claimed he got ads in the *Crusader* by threatening to contest the business licenses of those who refused. Since the Reverend's stock and trade was this kind of unproven innuendo, it seems only fitting and proper it should be here as part of his eulogy.

And what about the rumor that it was Rev. Ray one step ahead of the New Orleans D.A. investigating the fairy ring that assassinated President Kennedy, slipping out the back door and down the side steps while the D.A. was coming through the front door to find his potential witness' body still warm.

I remember the Rev. in his clerical collar attending Gay Liberation meetings at 330 Grove in the very early 70's and organizing a liaison with the cops. Most of us viewed the project as collaboration with the enemy.

And seeing Ray on the bus one day, playing the preacher and pretending he didn't know me for whatever out-of-the-closet apparel I had on. Yes, Ray, the Other Woman — I was there.

And yet, there he was at the march that was San Francisco's first parade in memory of the Stonewall riots. A few tattered floats and contingents marched down Folsom to Precita Park, south of Army, coordinating with a film company that wanted such footage. A drag from those days to mark their memory at his funeral.

And at the first official Christopher Street West Parade up O'Farrell in '72, along with the B.A.R. cable car float, Hal Call's film of the event shows a close-up of Ray on the bullhorn giving a speech in front of City Hall.

The good done by men — and women — dies with them, but their evil carries on for the rest of us to deal with — or so the saying goes. However, in Rev. Ray's case, it appears the reverse: It was the great things he accomplished or contributed to that make him a remembered man, worthy of tribute, whose flowers overwhelm any other smells in the dirt where he is interred.

One all-important question remains: With the unbridled Rev. Ray now at that Great Rewrite Desk in the Sky, who will dish the shit in the Gay print media? There's a vacancy for a smut-writer who can keep us all clean. ■

Lesbian Rap

The Mission District's Women's Building will house an ongoing Lesbian social rap group through February.

The 2-hour session (7:30 to 9:30pm) is being sponsored by Midgett (864-0876). The rap is designed for women looking for a friend or

companion. The topic discussions will serve as a means to informal introductions.

Midgett promises refreshments, finger food, and soft music every second Monday of each month.

The rap will be supported by donations.

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It's the one that "The Chronicle's" Randy Shilts & St Martin's Press have chosen to premiere and sign his new book "The Mayor of Castro Street — the life & times of Harvey Milk."

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HAVE YOU GUESSED ITS NAME YET ?

Well, Noe Books & News is changing its name and we want your ideas.

Submit this entry form with your creative name change and you could win an autographed copy of

"The Mayor of Castro Street" by Randy Shilts

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Paul and Joe are waiting to hear from you !

ENTRY FORM

I think Paul & Joe should rename their bookstore

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Please submit entries by February 25th, 1982 and return to

Noe Books & News, 2223 Market Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94114 (415)861-2097

WANDER LUST

A Special Report: TRENDSETTERS

A. MARC LEVENTHAL

I started the New Year off right by discovering a new Gay travel experience. This is not a review of a particular place but more about a concept of imaginative Gay touring. TrendSetters Travel Guild's premiere tour "All About New Year's, Eve" to Lake Tahoe was an unqualified success, and in this Special Report I will tell you about their tours for Gays planned for 1982.

Although TrendSetters Travel Guild is relatively new, the super-nice chaps who are the TrendSetters — Trinity Harrison (creator & imagination) and Chuck Vercelli — are very experienced in Travel. I've been on a lot of trips all over the globe, and I never felt in safer hands. If the trip to Tahoe is precursor of the travel experiences to follow, I would not hesitate to recommend joining TrendSetters.



Awaiting train at Truckee Depot: Michael, Barbara (caterer), Jill, Trinity Harrison (creator of TrendSetters Travel Guild), and Bill.

First let me give you a description of the wonderful New Year's travel adventure. And adventure it was. It all started when we boarded our private railway car in Oakland, attached to the rear of Amtrak's San Francisco Zephyr. There were compartments with berths in case anyone wanted to nap — or whatever — but all of us opted to relax in the rear lounge. An open bar was constantly tended by Charles. A gourmet buffet was soon available, and after picking up Fred and Michael, a couple more adventuresome men in Sacramento, we eagerly awaited first sign of snow. We stood on the rear platform as the snow began to swirl around us and the pines. We soon climbed through the spectacular scenery over the Donner Pass and finally arrived in the

heavy snows at Truckee. Our red veloured private coach (veloured inside, that is) took us to the Rocky Ridge Resort Condominiums high above Lake Tahoe. Assigned to our various condos, we celebrated the New Year with champagne and kisses before a roaring fireplace. Caterers were there the following morning to lay out breakfast, and Bloody Marys and other drinks were available at the open and well-stocked bar. The day was free and late in the afternoon the caterers prepared a New Year's banquet — a feast with Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding and English Trifle for dessert. Don't think any of this was lade-da; we were all relaxed, comfortable, but pampered. Transportation was provided to nearby Cal-Neva Lodge/Casino for gambling that evening.



TrendSetters awaiting train at Truckee (left to right) Jill, Michael, Ed, Trinity Harrison (with hooded jacket), Tom, Michael, Bill and others.

enjoyed the sensational snow-encrusted scenery heading back home.

It was such a friendly trip from the very beginning. Before long it was as if I knew Trinity and Michael, Jill, Ed and Chris, and Michael and Fred, and Tom and Bill, Cap, Ken, Chuck, and all the others as dear old friends. It was a trip I'll never forget. I usually don't like to mingle with groups when traveling, but these TrendSetters are a congenial group. What a change from the usual bar and baths scene. Drugs were not in evidence. We got high on each other.

The next custom-tailored TrendSetters Travel Guild tour is not your standard New Orleans package deal. "Cajun Country and All That Jazz" — an eight-day experience begins when you arrive April 25 in Houston where you will be taken to Galveston Island where your hotel and a Steak-out dinner await you. Sightseeing, SeaArama/Marine World, and Gay bars will be available the next day. On Tuesday, private motor coach departs for the Cajun country, passing wildlife refuges. Creole style dining. Spend two nights in Lafayette, the French capital of Louisiana at the Sheraton Acadiana Inn. One of the highlights on Wednesday will be enjoying an epicurean country picnic under a giant live oak tree. Motorcoach under the dripping Spanish Moss, and perhaps see the alligators in the swamp. On Thursday, April 28, board TrendSetters' chartered 28' pleasure boat for a six-hour cruise through Bayou Country. A real Creole cookout is planned along the banks of the bayou.

Through Baton Rouge and on toward New Orleans, passing plantation mansions. Arriving that afternoon in New Orleans for your stay at the Marie Antoinette in the French Quarter. Luncheon at one of the great restaurants, and at night party Creole style at the Premiere Jazz Concert Cruise aboard the paddle-wheeler S.S. President. Saturday, May 1, will be highlighted by the 13th Annual New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival. The final night of the Cajun Country and All That Jazz adventure will be topped by a private party in the Pontalba Building, built for the Baroness de Pontalba in 1849. On Sunday, May 2, after you sun and swim in the hotel swimming pool, depart and return home that evening. This is obviously not your run-of-the-mill vacation.

After this unique, worry-free experience, I'm sure you'll be ready to sign up for the other unusual Gay adventures scheduled for 1982. Members will be able to enjoy:

"Autumn Changes" which is scheduled for Sept. 26 to Oct. 9, 1982, is designed to experience the fall foliage of New England and Quebec, and to cruise the Hudson River Valley down to "climax" in New York City. Gay visits to Boston, Montreal, and Quebec City are also included. This, too, should be an unforgettable experience. Since TrendSetters' philosophy is Quality and Imagination, members won't want to miss "Autumn Changes."

1982 will end with the vacation of this lifetime, and perhaps your

next or even your many past lives. Scheduled for Christmastime is "The Gift of the Nile" where TrendSetters Travel Guild members will barge up the Nile on their exclusive riverboat. In addition to the ancient wonders of Cairo and Luxor, this custom-made holiday includes a visit to the Red Sea resort of Hurgada for water sports.

Obviously, TrendSetters Travel Guild is no ordinary tour packager. Trinity Harrison has imaginatively created custom-designed travel experiences for this exclusive membership club for the men, women, and friends of the Gay community. The camaraderie I experienced only hints at the future of continuing friendship and learning. Membership benefits do include substantial reductions on these all-inclusive tours, as well as personalized bonus savings service, special presentations, surprises, and pre-tour parties. Members curious about fellow TrendSetters traveling on the "Cajun Country and All That Jazz" tour may attend The Warm Up, a pre-tour social, on March 22.

If you are interested in Membership in TrendSetters Travel Guild, and the fabulous travel adventures scheduled for 1982, contact Trinity Harrison or Chuck Vercelli at (415) 777-5794. Or write to TrendSetters Travel Guild at P.O. Box 77234, San Francisco 94105. Be sure to say you read all about it in "Wander Lust" in the Bay Area Reporter. Or give me a call at World Travel Arrangers, 421-4460, or stop in to see me at 312 Kearny, to sign up for any of the above unique Gay tours.

IT'S TIME

to think about wishing your sweetie a happy Valentine's Day. Seem sappy? You're right, but we all need a little sap every now and then.

Say something loving, be it humorous or serious, for only \$2.00 a line (use classified form on page 31 - sorry, only "regular" type).

Valentine's Day is February 14. Deadline for Valentine messages is noon Monday, February 8. Messages will appear in the February 11 Bay Area Reporter. Act now!

Only personal (no business) messages will be accepted. Cupid shoots for the heart, not the pocketbook.

LANDLORD/TENANT

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POLITICS AND POKER



Another Friend Slain

WAYNE FRIDAY

If you miss hearing Gore Vidal at tonight's GGBA installation dinner, you can still hear him tomorrow night (Friday the 29th, 8pm, at the Town Meeting sponsored by the CDC and the City's Gay Demo clubs held at Everett Junior High auditorium for a mere \$1) . . . Supervisors Molinari, Kennedy, Hongisto and Ward shared Acting Mayor duties while Dianne Feinstein attended the Super Bowl over the weekend . . . Phyllis Lyon is the new Chairperson of the city's Human Rights Commission.



Los Angeles' Morris Kight and Gerry Parker at Ray Broshears funeral. (Photo by Rink)

Possible candidates for office being mentioned all over the place in this year's election. A close friend of Art Agnos telling me that the Assemblyman is being pressured to run for Mayor next year . . . the County Republicans planning a \$25 per plate fundraiser at the Sheraton Palace on February 26 with White House Chief of Staff James Baker as the star, and the Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights (CRIR) say they are planning a big fundraiser dinner sometime in April . . . self-described "possible presidential candidate" Alan Cranston apparently can't wait to get started; the Senator will be trudging through the snows of New England this weekend with a foray into New Hampshire where he obviously will not be able to partake of his highly-publicized love of jogging — maybe Skiing, Senator?

We finally have a Speaker in the Assembly who sees the value of much-needed revenues in the form of a lottery; Willie Brown is all in favor of it, while deposed former Speaker Leo McCarthy, now trying to salvage his political career by running for Lt. Governor, always claimed that "it is a tax paid by those least able to afford it." A lottery is long overdue in California and those in Sacramento should show a little courage in trying it . . . at the half-time of last year's Super Bowl, Guv Jerry Brown received a lot of exposure on national TV wearing a Raiders jacket (Jerry's brother-in-law was, after all, president of CBS Sports); this year Jerry's kin has been transferred to CBS' News department, and although the Governor made the trek to Pontiac, NO half-time exposure — such is the politics of television — and

relatives who can arrange such things.

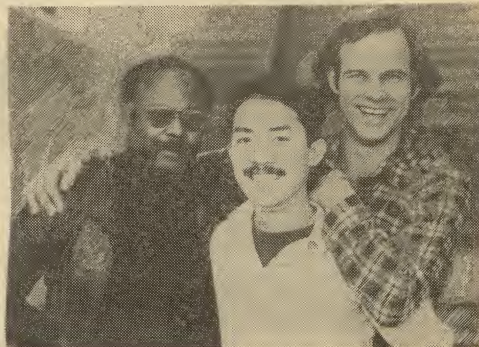
Last Wednesday's "Menage a Trois" party co-sponsored by Stonewall, Black & White Men Together and ALGA at the Endup packed to the hilt; a big smash . . . and speaking of the Stonewall Gay Demo Club, their newly-elected officers being installed by S.F. Demo County Chief Agar Jaicks this coming Monday, February 1, at the Women's Building . . . Democratic Congressman Tom Lantos' "1981 Report," a slick piece mailed to his con-

stituents (and to the press), headlines the question "Over 21,000 people told Congressman Tom Lantos what they think. Are you one of them?" — We sure are. We let the two-faced Congressman know that we are still smarting over his failure to vote for Gay rights during the 1981 session. Lantos' vote with the Moral Majority to overturn the Washington, D.C., Sexual Reform Act . . . apparently unhappy with decisions made by the Coalition for Human Rights, the Board of Directors of Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights voted to withdraw from the umbrella coalition group . . . Persistent rumors, coupled with the Examiner's Bill Barnes' column on John Burton, that there is something wrong with the Congressman, are beginning to fall on deaf ears; the last time I saw Burton he looked and acted all right to me (could the GOP National Committee be at work here?) . . . the Democratic Women's Forum is celebrating FDR's 100th Birthday this Saturday (Jan. 30, 3-6pm) at 940 Powell Street, with a no-host bar, etc., \$5 - \$25 admission with proceeds to "F.D.R.-type Democrats" and the invitation says that special guests are "members of the Roosevelt Family" . . . Senator Milton Marks telling CRIR last week that although he "disassociates himself completely" from the remarks of fellow Republican John Schmitz, calling the anti-Gay Schmitz "a disgrace," Marks says he believes an attempt by the Senate to censure Schmitz would fail and only result in more publicity; something Schmitz is after.

Chief Administrative Officer Roger Boas' office sending out signals to Moscone Con-

vention people that they're wondering about whether to let the Center out to such groups as last week's mammoth disco. Perhaps they're not the right image the nabobs wish to cultivate. Nobody's talking about returning the estimated \$25,000 the Center took in that night.

murdered Milk and George Moscone, I have wished this state practiced capital punishment. Alan Slizewski was a friendly, loud, sometimes gregarious man who was always there when his friends needed him. (Only three weeks ago he was hard at work organizing a benefit auc-



Asians, Blacks, Gay pals held a successful party last week at the Endup. (Photo by Rink)

A long-time friend of mine, Alan "Suzie" Slizewski, who had many friends in our community, was brutally murdered last week by someone he had apparently casually met and taken to his apartment. Robbery was apparently the motive, but motive notwithstanding, a senseless taking of life nevertheless was the result.

Since becoming a political activist years ago, I have debated the merits of capital punishment with people of all political persuasions — from progressives like Harvey Milk (who opposed it) to well-meaning conservatives who support it. My politics were never as Left as Harvey's and I don't want to be thought of as a conservative, but, ever since Dan White smirkingly

tion for a friend of his, Randy Johnson, who was out of work, sick, and broke. Randy needed help and "Suzie" was among the first to lend a hand. Now he is dead — murdered in cold blood by repeated stabbing — and his many friends are sick with grief.

It all seemed so damned senseless, and regardless of what my good political friends would say, I hope the son-of-a-bitch that took Alan's life pays the ultimate price; just as I have always wished Dan White had . . . B.A.R. has also learned of the recent death of Monwell Boyfrank, 75, a long-time Gay writer/activist from the 1950-60's at his home near San Luis Obispo.

DESIGN:
THE WOODS' NEW POSTER

WIN:
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WOODS RESORT FOR 5
FINALISTS.



RULES:

- * All entries must be received by March 15, 1982.
- * The Woods' logo (shown at right) must be used visibly and appropriately on poster, though size and position are up to the artist.
- * All posters must be 20" x 26" in black and white.
- * \$5.00 entry fee is required to insure return of your work, if not selected.



- * Finalists will be displayed March 19 - 21; the grand prize will be presented at Tea Dance, Sunday, March 21, 1982.
- * The Winning poster will become the property of the Woods.
- * Send or deliver all entries to: The Woods, 16881 Armstrong Woods Road, Guerneville, CA 95446, (707) 869-0111.

BAY AREA REPORTER GREATER BAY NEWS

AN JOSE SANTA CLARA CUPERTINO SUNNYVALE REDWOOD CITY PALO ALTO MONTEREY PLEASANT HILL VALLEJO BERKELEY WALNUT CREEK CAMPBELL FREMONT

OAKLAND

The Intertwined Paths of Lesbians and Gays

Lesley Tisdale is a very busy woman! She not only handles all the duties of "door person" at Ollie's, but she also has the responsibilities of opening Kelley's (across from Ollie's) at 9am each morning. She was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1958, and has lived in the Bay Area for two and a half years.

Nez: Why have you settled in Oakland?

Lesley: Everyone back East knows that the Bay Area is the Gay Utopia. I had some friends who lived in San Jose, so I moved out to be closer to them. I met several friends from Oakland, and when the ones I knew in San Jose were no longer my friends, I moved up here.

Nez: Do you have any hobbies?

Lesley: I collect Lesbian and feminist literature. I have it from eons ago to all the current issuings. Just recently I purchased my 124th book. I also collect information written by male feminists . . . they are men who have empathy for the women's movement.

Nez: Do you mind if I ask when and how you turned Gay?

Lesley: Certainly not! I came out at the age of 19, in Boston. I used to work at a radio station in that city, and would you believe I had really long hair . . . it came all the way down to my rear end! One day I decided to cut it off. It came down only to my ears. At the station almost all of the men were Gay, and when I came in to work with my short hair, one of the DJ's said that I belonged at

"Jacques." That was a women's bar . . . not a transsexual bar, but a real women's bar. I told him that he would have to take me there sometime, but he never did! A lover of one of the employees at the station suggested that we go for a drink after work (my work ended at midnight!). He wanted me to see him in his natural environment. We met at a bar called



Lesley Tisdale wins Nez Pas' undying affection . . . she bought him a drink!

"Chaps." There were only men in the place, and we were ignored by the bartender because I was a woman. When my companion made it clear that we did, indeed, intend to drink we were finally served. I asked him where the women were, and he said that they had their own bars.

A month or so later I asked him again about the women's bars, and he confessed that he didn't know any exclusively women's bars but he took me to a mixed bar called "1270." It was mixed, to say the least, but I saw one woman and got an immediate crush on her. She asked if I was drinking alone, and I told her, "I guess not now." That sounds rather stupid, doesn't it? But . . . that relationship

was never consummated. We discussed the fact that so few women were in the place, and she took me to a bar called "Saints." That place was a real separatists' bar. I couldn't handle all the hostility that the women had towards each other! It was very cold . . . very un-ME! I asked my companion if there wasn't a nice bar for women, and we went to a place called "Somewhere," and I was at home! It was my kind of place, and two weeks later I was working there as "door person!"

Nez: You have used "feminist" and "separatist." How do you define these terms?

Lesley: Oh boy! These are my definitions: I'm not speaking for Lesbians as a group. To me, a "feminist" is a woman who is concerned to the issues and circumstances surrounding the suppression of all women (Lesbian or straight) and is willing to work for the improvement of such situations. A "separatist" can be male or female, Gay or straight, who chooses not to deal with and/or share any

(Continued on Page 29)

Chili for Special Olympics

The annual chili contest held at the Revol in Oakland earned \$615.81 for the Special Olympics. First place went to A.C.I.E. Emperor Tony Valentine for his special chili, and second place went to Mike Heflin. Heflin had tied for first place, but because his chili had no beans he was given second place. Mike is one of the principals of the Bench & Bar Third place went to Tom Otton.

All monies were donated to Oakland Special Olympics. An in-depth report on Special Olympics is forthcoming, as well as an interview with one of the directors, Don Arnold, by Bay Area Reporter's Oakland correspondent, Nez Pas.

B Street Hosts Fashion Show



Hair styles by Bill Mele, sported by dancers who'll appear in B Street's HAIR DANCE, demonstrate three ideas for different hair lengths.

On Wednesday evening, February 10, the B Street Supper Club, 236 South B Street in downtown San Mateo, will be the scene of a unique and exotic hair fashion show. Over twenty different styles, created by stylists from Burlingame's Mele Salon, will be modeled by the Dance Art Center of Foster City.

The show will be entirely dance in format. Members of the dance ensemble, both men and women, will show off their unique cuts as well as participate in dance performances. The presentation is being choreographed by Paul

Contreras and Patti Stetson.

The show's host, salon owner and stylist Bill Mele, is fully devoted to the human aesthetic. He designed the interior of his sumptuously elegant Fox Mall salon, where clients are truly pampered. Besides offering full service beauty care, the salon also serves lunch — including champagne, if desired. Mele, who trained with Claude Maxime in Paris, carries his own full line of hair treatments and cosmetics.

For further information please contact Bill Mele, (415) 342-7212.

New Bar in San Jose

H.M.S. will open at 1660 So. Bascom Ave. in Campbell (corners Bascom and Hamilton) on Friday, Febru-

ary 8. It will be the area's first All Video Cruise Bar. Liquor, beer and wine will be available.



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FILM CLIPS

MICHAEL LASKY



A cozy corner of a restaurant, a lovely dinner, and scintillating stories from Andre about his adventurous world-wide quest for meaning make up MY DINNER WITH ANDRE.

My Dinner with Andre Meal Ticket

When *My Dinner with Andre* opened in November, I refused to go to the critics' screening. Invariably I've not liked static films, especially when they take place entirely at a meal of which I am not partaking. The reviews were mostly ecstatic and I attributed them to the critics' pseudo-intellectual airs. The theater owner of the Gateway told me that business was only so-so but was building toward Christmas. He sent me a pass and urged me to see it. "Go; you don't have to review it, but just tell me what you think."

So I sat through *My Dinner with Andre* and can belatedly and without hesitation say I LOVED IT. Don't miss it! It is an exhilarating little gem directed by Louis Malle (*Atlantic City*). It transcends its static confines with fascinating conversation about the oddball but true experiences of stage director Andre Gregory who went around the world in search of true meaning and came back with fabulous stories which he relates with scintillating savoir faire. His foil is the urchin-faced playwright Wallace Shawn who speaks — finally — for the common man.

People I never expected would like it — let alone sit through it — have been telling me how engrossed they were with *My Dinner with Andre*. There is a quirky charm to it all right. Maybe this is because we are all so starved for fascinating conversation about bizarre subjects. Maybe it's Gregory's mesmerism. Whatever, it's the best dinner in town.

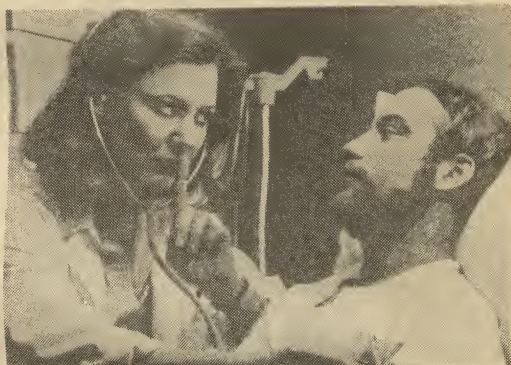
(Gateway)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?

This is what they call a heavy film. But in its attempts to decide a highly intellectual and philosophical question — about whether each person ultimately has the right to decide his own life and death — *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* makes its points with humor, compassion, and as much food for thought as heart-clutching tears.

Richard Dreyfuss in his most compassionate and successful (i.e. least obnoxious) portrayal is a sculptor who is left paralyzed from the neck down after an auto accident. Smart enough to see that his fate is a lifetime in a hospital bed where he will be dependent on nurses and doctors, he decides that this increasingly torturous captivity is not for him.

When Dreyfuss seeks a hospital discharge, God-playing doctor John Cassavetes not only refuses to release him but further forces



Christine Lahti makes an emotional impression, appearing as a doctor who fights for the rights of crippled patient Richard Dreyfuss in WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?

indignity on Dreyfuss by ignoring his requests not to be overtranquilized. "All I have left now is my consciousness, doctor, and by drugging me you are taking that away, too," he pleads.

With surprising humor — much of it gallows variety — and exhilarating intelligence Dreyfuss makes his case for the restoration of his dignity. Eventually doctor Christine Lahti, an actress whose palpable performance is so finely honed that she could provoke tears out of sand, buys his argument to be taken off the life support machines and allowed to master his own fate. There is a legal battle where the arguments are made stunningly clear. As the judge says, "If I decide for you, I'll be called a hanging judge; and if I decide against you, I'll be a hanging judge." Indeed, if Dreyfuss is forced to live, the hospital hell will be worse than any death.

John Badham (best known for *Saturday Night Fever*)

has taken a confining, intense one-room play and turned it into the unusual — a film that is better than its source. Opening up the play has reduced the stiletto sharp humor, focusing instead on the issues. He has added a dream sequence choreographed by Marge Champion that reveals the thoughts of the bed-bound sculptor who can only think about the art and grace that dominated his very being. It is a fluid, sensuous sequence that shows what the man must (and cannot) live without.

Also softening the ultimate blow of the story was the decision to film the intimate drama in wide screen Panavision. It dilutes the overbearing force which in the confines of a single stage set felt like a baseball bat shoved down your throat. Diffusing this, we can concentrate on the issues and not the melodramatics of an essentially now situation.

(Coronet)

Guilty Pleasures

Charter Members of Celluloid Anonymous
Admit They Love Bad Movies

by Michael Lasky

A few weeks ago I suggested you tell me your favorite "worst" movies, and I received a terrific response. Some of the choices were dogs that even the ASPCA would reject. Included were *Bloodline*, *Die Laughing*, *Cleopatra* (old and new versions), *Can't Stop The Music*, *Polyester*, and *The Goddess*.

Two men not only targeted their favorite bad movie but were able to verbalize exactly what made them so bad that they are good. The runner-up was Michael Ontstott, who picked *2,000 Maniacs* as his choice. He says this "was one of the first films ever to adopt a purely schizoid tone in which an audience can empathize with the victims and at the same time be horrified and amused at their . . . graphic, gory, unrelenting violent . . . demise." While his essay-epistle was intelligent and impassioned, it was Danny Williams who won the prize of a trip to a private screening. Danny thought that *The Swarm* was the all time low and his description makes the turkey seem almost fun.

"The first time I saw it, I was not prepared for anything quite so inane. The second and third times, I had a ball watching it with my friends. We picked out every stupid thing in the movie (and there were a lot of things). It was sort of like those pictures they had in *Highlights Magazine* for children: What's Wrong With This Picture? My three favorites:

1. The killer bees attack a nuclear power plant which blows up, killing everyone in town. Not the bees, however.

2. The army is attacking the bees in a skyscraper with flamethrowers and everyone is covered with ten layers of asbestos suiting and bee protective garments and still the bees are killing everyone. Michael Caine, wearing a business suit, and Katherine Ross, wearing a miniskirt and blouse, decide to make a run for it. They each throw a coat over their heads and they don't get stung. Yet all around them people in protective gear are getting stung and dying.

3. Lee Grant is in a TV news mobile van with her two cameramen. The cameras are on top of the van. She looks out the window and sees the swarm coming at them. She tells the cameramen to go out and film it. They do. They die. She's surprised.

In addition to these and other inanities, the dialogue is terrible, the acting atrocious, and the direction a joke. Also, it cost \$24 million. A truly wretched movie."

What Danny did not realize is that his prize would be a movie that makes *The Swarm* seem like a newly discovered work of Ibsen. He got to see *The Seduction*, which (to be diplomatic) is rotten.

Our runner-up will see *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* which is appropriate for a man who enjoys *2,000 Maniacs*.

Thanks for all your entries. Try again with my next contest in several weeks.

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— Mark Topkin, Bay Area Reporter



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STAGE

SAVAGES

MARK TOPKIN



SAVAGES successfully mingles Brazilian Indian lore with political rhetoric in a taut dramatic framework.

Berkeley Repertory's production of Christopher Hampton's **Savages** is a searing political drama set in Brazil in the early 1970's. It is a provocative play — rich in visuals and doubly rich in mental stimulation — exceptionally well realized under Tony Amendola's direction.

Savages' central focus on the systematic slaughter of Brazilian Indians by land and resource hungry whites is well documented. Around these facts, Hampton has created a drama that illuminates the diversity of human nature, making the point that good and evil, right and wrong, are very subjective judgements.

The bulk of the play's political rhetoric is handled via dialogue between Alan West, a kidnapped British diplomat, and his captor, Carlos Es-

querdo, the socialist son of a wealthy Brazilian. While both deplore the slaughter of the Indians, Esquerdo sees West's assimilation policy as hope-

less, since assimilated Indians would only join the already deeply impoverished Brazilian lower class for whom Esquerdo fights.

Amidst the rhetoric are the Indians. Throughout the play there are lectures and legends discussed and described by West and American anthropologist Mark Crawford while enacted by the Indians. They pursue a lyrical culture that is stable, self-sustaining and happy. It is clear from the start that the savages of the play's title are not the Indians.

To intermingle Indian lore and political rhetoric in a dramatic framework is no easy task. Tony Amendola has managed to integrate the play's nineteen scenes into a whole that is riveting throughout. He is aided by Brian Thompson as West and Jim Lefebvre as Esquerdo who create characters that are full dimensional. Neither wears the black or white hat; both have fire and humor in their personalities.

Continuity and mood are further developed by Jeffrey Bihl's haunting music and Greg Sullivan's lighting. In addition, there are excellent supporting performances by Irving Israel as a racist missionary and by beautiful-bodied Gregory Norman Cruz as Kumai, one of the Indians.

Savages is not a pleasant play. It assaults rather than soothes. However, it is exciting, vital theatre. Berkeley Rep should be commended, first of all, for choosing to mount the play, and most of all, for mounting it so splendidly.

Savages will run through February 14. Ticket reservations can be made at 845-4700.

Stage

Magic Theatre's 'Renaissance Radar'

What Means An Exploding Balloon?

by Bartlett Naylor

To be avant-garde usually connotes some degree of stimulation, frequently coupled with material that is hard to understand. Soon 3's **Renaissance Radar**, at the Magic Theatre, is avant-garde, to be sure, but also tediously repetitive, a non-play sandwiched between pointlessness and inscrutability — a dangerous place for something that professes to communicate. While many innovative plays sacrifice meaning for creativity, this one is dull as well as mindless.

There is no attempt at plot. It is simply a mush of stage gadgetry. The audience might guess that the performance is progressing because the number of unused props diminishes over time. The props include several towers with spinning lights, three-screen motion pictures, transparent boxes filled with colored water, exploding balloons, and three mute females. There are a dozen character transformations, except that one of the women disrobes half a dozen times during the performance.

The name **Renaissance Radar** is derived ostensibly from the fact that the women sometimes parade about in handsome red robes from the Medici era, and other times in high-tech garb. Renaissance describes the former period, and radar is a word that begins with an "r" and has something to do with the latter time.

Representative of the feeble-mindedness is a sequence where the nude mute is enveloped in bands with blood-filled balloons on them. The balloons each have wires hanging from them, which are connected to an electrical circuit. When all is in place — which requires eight or so minutes of audience attention — the balloons are detonated, spurring blood over the model. On the screens are demonstrations of how the exploding balloons work, in German, French and English. Heavy.

To blame for this insane play is Alan Finneran, who has plagued Europe with this production for several months now. His excuse is that the piece presents a deliberate collision of contemporary

California and the Italian Renaissance. One of the themes, he continues, is the idea of murder and violence as a product of the California movie industry. The repetition and "laboratory" dissection show the process used to create the illusion of violence in show business.

Not only does Finneran fail to illuminate this or any other theme, but he fails to absorb, to stimulate, to question, or even to entertain, some of the basic justifications for drama. Yet this can be done with the same tools Finneran finds so interesting. Belgium's Theatre Scarabe staged an involving and highly creative production last year using several mediums, mute actors, bizarre props and an unorthodox structure.

The Soon 3 play is beyond help. It is the production of a device-creator run amok, who has no interest in meaning other than that contained in an exploding balloon.



The women remain mute, the box fills with water, the nude simulates drowning. The stage gadgetry seems camouflage for lack of content in Soon 3's production of **RENAISSANCE RADAR**.

STAGE

The Rimers of Eldritch

Catching Up on Early Wilson

by Steve Warren

As revivals of his early plays compete for attention with his current "Talley Trilogy" (5th of July, etc.) Lanford Wilson is looking more and more like the Great American Playwright we've been waiting for since Tennessee Williams petered out.

(I'm not ruling out Sam Shepard, but I'm high on Wilson after seeing three of his plays in six months, two in the last two weeks. Besides, Shepard tries too hard too often to be obscure.)

The Rimers of Eldritch

1967, when there was a brief vogue for plays that jumped about in time helter-skelter. That device often hid a weak plot, but this one would prob-

Lanford Wilson's fresh recall of his midwestern upbringing creates a town of secrets, gossip, and hypocrisy.

ably hold up — improve, in fact — if it were rewritten in more linear fashion. Some poetry would be lost, but the clarity gained would more than compensate.

Wilson, whose recent work

The first act introduces us to 17 characters and about as many plot threads without telling us what the play is about. A woman is tried and acquitted, but we don't know what for. There are a poisoned dog (never explained), a peeping tom, a hunchbacked girl befriended by a boy who lives in his late brother's shadow, a café owner who keeps a young stud for a time, an old woman's dream of death.

a girl who's a shoo-in to head the Junior Hypocrites League, a preacher who blames the town for Something Awful that happened, and so on.

Once the pieces start coming together after intermission, the riddle is too easily solved and there's a long wait to see how Wilson will reveal the solution.

After almost getting their own Potrero Hill space, the Bedini Theatre Project hastily arranged to use the Science of Mind church at 3255 Balboa. Besides worrying about these details, directing the play and designing the set, Lawrence Bedini worked opening night on box office, publicity, lights and sound. This made many of the evening's shortcomings understandable, if not forgivable.

With the first weekend out of the way the pacing should be much smoother and the cast more surefooted. There are only a few who will never be capable of decent performances — e.g., one actor who sounds as if he could do a great John Wayne impression but can't imitate the character he's playing — and their roles aren't important enough to hurt.

Others are quite good, especially Bill Lawrie as probably the only Black among the 70 or so residents of Eldritch. He's the town character, the town scapegoat, and the town philosopher, seeing everything that happens but rarely communicating it to anyone.

Simone Alexander and Roger Marque play the crippled girl and her awkward friend with a touching quality that made me think more

than once of Equus.

Sharon Larry is persuasive as the school nymph (To a protection-minded suitor she says, "You wouldn't wash your feet with your socks on!") and Robert Vique convincing as her brother, the town bully. (Remember, Eldritch is small enough to have just one of everything. Well, almost everything — there are none of us.)

Rocco Matone adds visual appeal — when the lights find him — but his acting is no match for his looks.

The Rimers of Eldritch takes a hard look at a small town that died economically when the mine ran out of coal

and died spiritually when their hero was killed in a racing accident. It dies another death in the course of the play, but this won't be the final fatality either.

Unfortunately, the play's strengths are more easily appreciated in retrospect — after you know the story — than while you're watching it and trying to figure out what the hell's going on; but as Lanford Wilson's future holds increasing promise, it's good to have the chance to catch up on his past achievements.

Performances are week-ends through February 6. The number for reservations is 221-0070.



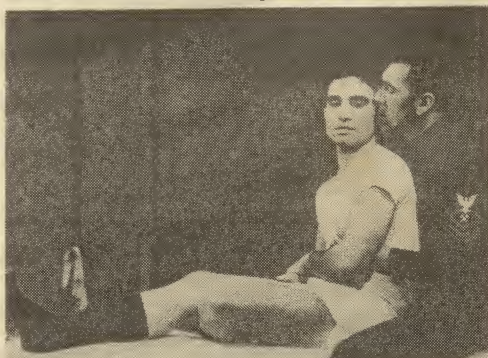
William Lawrie (front) is accused of rape by vicious members of a small community in the Bedini Theatre Project's production of THE RIMERS OF ELDRITCH.

suffers by comparison to Red Flag Theater's current *Balm in Gilead*, both as a script and because of a ragged opening night performance by the Bedini Theatre Project.

Rimers dates back to

shows a total recall of his midwestern upbringing, had an even fresher memory when he created the almost-ghost town of Eldritch with its secrets, its gossip, and its hypocrisy.

Want Some Candy, Little Boy?



Thomas-Mark falls blissfully into the embrace of Ron Lanza in Theatre Rhinoceros' production of *POGEY BAIT*. The younger man is unaware that his lover may just be using him for momentary pleasure. But if you'd just told the Captain you were Gay and found yourself confined to the brig, you might welcome a visit from a lover no matter what his motives. The play continues its run until February 6, with performances Thursday through Sunday at 8:30pm. Call 861-5079 for information and reservations.

(Photo by Rink)

Growing Old and Dying

"The Gay Life" on KSN, 95FM, presents a program titled "Growing Old and Dying" on January 31 at 11pm. "The Gay Life" will talk with representatives of G40+, a social group for Gays over 40. Also appearing are members of Coming Home.

The Fairies Gather

Fruit Punch, KPFA's weekly Gay radio show (Wednesdays at 10pm, FM 94) presents *The Fairies Gather* on February 3. This oral history features a rebroadcast of the Raven's Head documentary on the "Spiritual Gathering of Radical Fairies" held in Colorado in August, 1980. Hear Harry Hay on fairie sanctuaries, James Broughton reading his poetry and song, chanting, ritual and nature.

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CABARET

Notes on Charles Pierce



He's a wolf in peep's clothing... Charles Pierce impersonating Eva Peron. How did she sleep with all those microphones coming out of her breast?

A Review of Sarts

by Michael Lasky

1. Charles has more costume changes than Ann-Margaret has sequins.
2. Charles admits that for this engagement he is using his favorite old material. "Yes, the old lines are best and most of them are on my face."
3. "One of the Boys" from the Lauren Bacall starrer *Woman of the Year* takes on new, truer, bluer lyrics. He sings it well enough to make Bacall sound off key.
4. Bacall is off key.
5. Pierce has Swiss timing — he could get a Mormon to laugh. Although not with jokes like "Why don't Mormons have sex standing up? It might lead to dancing."
6. Costumes are changed quicker than Liz Taylor gets husbands. In short order we are visited by Marilyn Monroe, Carol Channing, Joan Kennedy, and Marweena Dietrich, who tells us the reason you should never break wind in your pantyhose.
7. Then he's back with the fabulous Turban Ladies of the Silver Screen. The most famous of the lot is Gloria Swanson, who looks better here than she does when she plays herself.
8. Mae West returns in grave-nor image. She is such a name dropper. She was talking with Hattie McDaniel who she asked: "Would you rather be Gay or Black?" "Black, of

course, 'cause then I don't have to tell my mother."

9. Mae gives some savvy advice about sex. It is (a) a misdemeanor, (b) it is like a game of bridge, and (c) it is like snow. For fuller explanation, classes are given Tuesday through Thursday at 10 pm and Friday and Saturday at 9:30 and 11 pm. Tuition is \$8 plus two drinks.

10. History lesson at Charles Pierce U. is from Evita Peron.

11. Proper clothes care instructed by Joan Crawford.

12. Advanced history gets things shaking with Katherine Hepburn, who tells us about Helen Keller and Eleanor of Roosevelt.

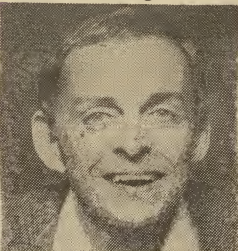
13. Bette Davis flies in with some fond recollections of Tallulah, Liz and Barbra. Tallulah also appears but she's not looking good these days. She's trying to get over a bad case of dead.

14. Bette has some final bows and brings on surprise mystery guests. Charles wrings every second of his appearance until the last bow. The audience loves it.

15. Pierce works hard. You can see his brain calculating his zinging rejoinders to any hecklers. He enjoys his work, makes it seem like play, and gets our minds off whatever was on them when we entered.

16. Charles will be at the Plush Room for the next four weeks. His shows sell out. If you want to see him (and you do, you do) get your tickets now from BASS or the Plush Room reservation line, 885-6800.

17. That's a nice age. ■



A costume can change your life. Charles Pierce is seen here as the infrequently seen Charles Pierce.

Dance

Ballet Beefs Up Repertory

by George Heymont

San Francisco Ballet opened its season with a much-needed ray of hope in the repertory department. In recent years the company has been criticized for a lack of variety in programming and occasional lackluster performances. One of the biggest problems seemed to be a series of new works which generated ho-hum audience response but kept returning to the stage each season.

With the premiere of Robert Gladstein's *Symphony in Three Movements* San Francisco Ballet finally has a solid new work which it can proudly display as a standard of its repertory. Gladstein's plotless ballet is most noticeable for the crispness with which the dancers (and large numbers of the corps) are moved through their paces. The scarlet costumes provide a stunning foil to the standard bright blue background. This crystallizes the visual impact of the work, allowing one's eyes to

company is getting the hang of Satie's other-worldly mysticism which eluded the dancers on prior occasions. Although Lori Bodine, Tracy-Kai Maier and Zoltan Peter had a better grip on the technical demands of *Monotones I*, it was the second trio of dancers (Betsy Erickson, Russell Murphy, and Jim Sohm) who zeroed in on the more psychic and spiritual moods of the piece. Dennis de Co-teau's conducting aided immensely in bringing that special eerie glow to the score.

The program had opened with a revival of Lew Christensen's *Vivaldi Concerto Grosso*. With Jamie Zimmerman and Val Caniparoli dancing the pas de deux, the work seemed a bit less impressive than last year. It is a clean-cut, easy piece (an ideal curtain-raiser) but a little lean on satisfying the audience.

That satisfaction came in spades, however, with the company's first attempts at Balanchine's *Western Symphony*. Having just seen a re-



Black tights and toe shoes theatricalize the abundantly showy *WESTERN SYMPHONY*, featuring Tracy Kai Maier.

focus squarely on the dancers.

Gladstein has filled the fairly long piece with a wealth of imagination, keeping his dancers flowing easily with Stravinsky's music, never losing its forward momentum. Perhaps most important is the grace of design here (which on first viewing reminds one of the crystalline efficiency of Balanchine's *Symphony in C*).

Once again, Sir Frederick Ashton's *Monotones* was on the program. This year, the

run of *The Harvey Girls* at the Castro Theatre made *Western Symphony* even more delightful to me. One curious side effect came from the darkness of the costumes. Karinska's black stockings gave a beefier look to the girls in the corps — approximating the chunkiness of frontier broads a lot more than the standard "Balanchine" line. The men, however, seemed weighted down by so much black.

Hershy Kay's score (which includes old standards like "Red River Valley," "Rye Whiskey," etc.) builds slowly at first, allowing the principals slower solos with more comic turns, and an occasional moment of poetic irony (such as tiny Kirk Peterson following a "horse team" of tall ballerinas). Evelyn Cisneros was wonderfully coquettish and sinewy; Peterson was a delight in his "dream" sequence with the perfect girl.

The finale was the payoff, however, and SFB audiences reacted enthusiastically to the sight of the full corps sending up clouds of dust. *Western Symphony* is a dandy way to turn a sleepy little cow town into one hell of a jubilee and gives local audiences an opportunity to leave the Opera House with a smile on their faces — a feeling we had almost forgotten. ■

Women's Philharmonic Premiere

The Bay Area Women's Philharmonic presents their premiere full orchestra concert on Saturday, January 30. The 8pm concert, to be held at McKenna Theater of S.F. State University, is the highlight of Women in Music Celebration Month, as proclaimed by Mayor Feinstein earlier this year. The concert, BAWP's first featuring the traditional symphony orchestra, spans several periods of musical style, ranging from Mozart to Miranda.

The Bay Area Women's Philharmonic was founded in the summer of 1980 by Musical Director Elizabeth Min and Managing Director Miriam Abrams. They formed the group to help promulgate the rich history of women's contribution to music. Their intentions were manifold. The BAWP showcases women composers, both historical and contemporary; provides a podium for women conductors as well as opportunities for women musicians; develops a library of scores by wo-

men composers and a bank of information about the field; and educates the public about this "missing link" of musical culture.

The concert on January 30 combines the familiarity of well-loved works with the freshness of rarely heard compositions.

This wide ranging program fulfills BAWP's goal of enabling their audiences to share in the wealth and excitement of women's music. Tickets, at \$7, are available from BAWP by mail at 3543 18th Street, San Francisco 94110, or in person at the Castro Cheesery, 427 Castro Street. More information is available at 525-4178.

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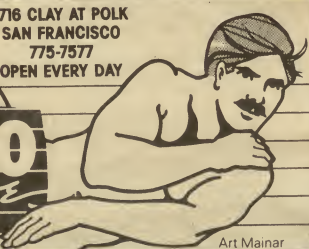
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FROM FIFTH POSITION

Tribute to Pavlova

KEITH WHITE

The "Tribute to Pavlova" currently touring the U.S. is a colorful ballet tintype; I'm surprised it wears so well today. With a program of ballets which Pavlova performed on her American tours, faithfully reconstructed by dancers who either performed with Pavlova or saw her, this "Tribute" succeeds for many of the same reasons Pavlova herself succeeded: the dances are Romantic, frothy, and expensively costumed, and the star performers are glamorous and aware of the nature of their appeal.

Starr Danias is a free-lance ballerina who also does musicals, television and films (many will remember her as Leslie Browne's competition in *The Turning Point*). Her gifts as a dancer are similar to those Pavlova is reported to have had: lovely ballet line and a long, secure balance. Starr Danias works glamour to the hilt: she has become a Deborah Harry-style blond and she sells a sex-kitten image in "Autumn Bacchanale" and "Les Preludes" — ballet scenes of Grecian or Roman inspiration reflecting the early 20th century's fondness for classical fantasies, and always involving an abduction in dance form

(Sabine women style). Her partner is a boyish hunk named Gregory King, a strong, muscular dancer whose major assets for this performance are his beautiful body and his willingness to play passionate Adonis with abandon. The costumers have undressed him as far as appropriateness would possibly allow, which is exactly what Pavlova did with her partners, always the handsomest male dancers available, frequently years younger than she. Danias and Gregory King appear totally nude on a full page of the souvenir program in a photograph by Kenn Duncan, and here she goes further than Pavlova could have dared. But Pavlova cultivated her image using every possible trick or resource, and in that respect, Danias provides an accurate account.

"The Dying Swan" washed out in Berkeley, and not only because a clumsy light man on the follow spot killed her. That solo, consisting of only one step, the bourree, depends on articulated arm movements — the stereotypical swan arm — which not every contemporary dancer is capable of: handed down from ballerina to ballerina, it



Working glamour to the hilt in a way Pavlova never could, Starr Danias appears with co-star Gregory King. She knows how to sell ballet.

takes endless rehearsal to perfect. Ending the program with Act Two of *Giselle* might have been historically correct, but again, this role requires considerable technique and experience, and I don't think Danias has ever danced the classics. Her "petit allegro" during *Giselle*'s solo passages was never clean, and while Gregory King handled his solos technically, I found both their characterizations a bit too broad.

The nine dancers in the company appeared in reconstructed divertissements between the stars' appearances. These were short and amusing: "Moment Musical," "Pas de Trois from 'The Fairy Doll'" among them. All were given good performances by the company.

Prison Ministry Benefit Concert

The Episcopal Community of Prison Ministry will sponsor a concert for the benefit of the Episcopal Jail Chaplaincy at 7:30pm on February 2, Trinity Episcopal Church, Gough and Bush Streets, San Francisco. The concert will feature musicians from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music Community Service, William Godbout, oboe, Kenneth Lowry, baritone, with Sister Catherine Joy, C.S.F., music director. The program will include "Ich Habe Genug" by Johann Sebastian Bach and "Dover Beach" by Samuel Barber. \$5 donation. For ticket information: 567-1855.

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The Blasters

JERRY DE GRACIA

"Just Let Me Hear Some American Music"

If you are unfortunate enough to come from Downey, California — I am not that unfortunate — you do not go around telling people that you are. You are better off using such tactful euphemisms as "the greater Los Angeles area," unless you are a member of the latest Slash Records recording artists The Blasters.

If that is the case, you may receive approval rather than pitiful glances for your geographic roots. It is just such out of the way places that spawn true Americana whether it be music, folklore or the concept of the average middle-American.

The Blasters are part of the Renaissance of early American rock as defined by the likes of Elvis Presley, Fats Domino, Bill Haley and Chuck Berry. Their uncanny ability to write and play the music of that bygone era so succinctly that 1955 does not seem like 27 years ago has brought them to the forefront.

At their recent appearance at Berkeley Square (which leaves something to be desired as far as clubs go) The

Blasters performed an almost two hour set, sustaining a high energy momentum throughout. They left the crowd soaked in sweat and exhausted as the lights came on and the bar closed.

Rock and roll, especially of The Blasters variety, is fairly simple stuff and you either do it right or you sound awful. That is why the group shines so brightly — they do it right and drive home their musical prowess with intense zealously rarely seen since Little Richard stomped and swished his way through "Lucille."

Although their live performance lacked the great saxophone work heard on their second album, the music didn't seem to suffer. What was missing as far as instrumentation was made up for by their rapport with the audience.

The band is a tight-knit group with no one taking unnecessary kudos via long solo performances. Pianist Gene Taylor, however, a white Fats Domino who plays piano as fast and hard as Johnny Winter plays guitar, is hard to miss.

Their song "American Music" typifies their sound and defines them musically:

"We got the Louisiana boogie and the Delta blues
We got country swing and rockabilly too

We got jazz, country western and Chicago blues
It's the greatest music that you ever knew"

Local groups Silverstone and the Swinging Possums, who opened for the Blasters,

pale before their raw power. This leaves only the Stray Cats as formidable competitors in this field of rock.

OFF BEAT

Janis Joplin's presence is
(Continued on Page 23)



The Blasters! (Left to right) John Bazz, Bill Bateman, Phil Alvin, Dave Alvin, and Gene Taylor.

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CABARET CORNUCOPIA

Keyboard Concert Jubilate!

I finally have the time to give a heartfelt thanks to the Council on Entertainment for their "Keyboard Concert." This event, a benefit for the council, was a brilliant idea, allowing six of our cabaret's unsung heroes a chance to be seen and heard in their own spotlight.

The concert, packing the Plush Room last December 28, took the accompanists of many different vocalists and gave them solo stints. Lynn Brown was a gracious hostess, even singing compositions by the keyboard artists. They were, in alphabetical order, Michael Ashton, Bob Bendorff, Paul Ferris, Ken Richardson, Douglas Trantham and John Trowbridge. They did not play in alphabetical order, nor will I write about them in such order. But the order of their accomplishment was great. They played in a wide variety of styles, some very far removed from expectation. It was, therefore, a surprising and delightful evening, and should become an annual event.

Ebullient Bob Bendorff opened the evening, after Ms. Brown sang his "Who's the Goodbye For?" I've celebrated his compositional prowess before, which he reinforced

by singing "I Might Get Carried Away," which he wrote when friend Mary Haran requested a song with few words from the usually loquacious composer. He's well known for the power of his attack, and that was much in evidence, also, the piano groaning under his strong arms.

John Trowbridge covered territory rapidly, from classical to jazz-pop to a demonstration of the dinner music with which he charms patrons of Rooney's. This intricately woven medley began with Sondheim's "Night Waltz" and segued through a well-phrased if not perfectly articulated "Continental" to a dreamy "Night and Day." This grew dramatic, intertwined with "The Continental" and swirled back into "Night Waltz." A breathless exhibition. John announced he was going to butcher the "Rhapsody in Blue," but was rhythmically deft, the coda particularly strutting. He introduced flautist John Lusk, a Plush Room waiter, and they played the piquant "Fugue" from Claude Bolling's "Suite for Flute and Jazz Piano."

Ken Richardson is not heard much locally, since he



Cleo Laine brings her cabaret act gone gargantuan to the Opera House, February 7, along with Johnny Dankworth and company.

travels with Michael Greer. His engagement at Serafino's enabled him to grace this evening with a sprightly Nutcracker "Prelude" and a dramatic concert arrangement of "MacArthur Park." This he played all-stops-out, with full tone and power without vulgarity. Most impressive was the clear delineation of his musical ideas. He got verbal digs in, too, by thanking Plush Room owner Russell Cox for stringing the piano with used wire hangers!

with a Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer medley. His rolling tempos gave the illusion of speed while actually moving slow enough for delicious details and ornaments.

Doug Trantham chose to sidestep the evening's concentration on accompanists as pianists by accompanying his own vocals, but as he explained to me, "I'm an accompanist."

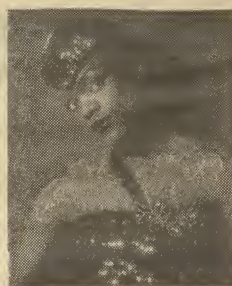
He's also a deft entertainer,

With 88 ivories, 6 soloists can hit 528 keys, a small measure of the delight they produced.

Michael Ashton, whose long-term stint with *Beach Blanket* has kept his talents from reaching these ears, was an especial delight. I admired his concentration, which allowed a sterling display of his capacities. The inner voicings and cross rhythms of Albeniz were articulated with the absolute minimum of fudging, as was Gershwin's first "Prelude." Appreciation was heightened by the fact that he chose to expose himself, as it were, with the evening's most strictly "legit" music, including Debussy's "Golliwogs Cakewalk." He then switched hats, and was positively swinging

stepping out as David Kelsey's successor with a foxy "Everybody Today Is Turning On." He sang Brel and Piaf with dramatic fervor, but "Rainbow Connection" proved far too mushy a song for what is basically a nonsinger.

The evening's only shock came from Paul Ferris, whose unusual talents were unveiled to an unsuspecting crowd which quickly offered him a sustained ovation. The first surprise came from his singing. "A Foggy Day had me down, had me low," he sang, and it had me absolutely laid out. Here was *le jazz hot*, as



Napata Mero fans will enjoy the intimacy of her Plush Room concert Monday, February 1, at 9:30 pm.

the French call it, torrid in both conception and execution. Ferris then rolled into some equally hot double-time stride playing. A whole evening of solo piano is heaven to me, but Ferris playing stride showed that there was an upper story to this heaven! He segued to a creamy "Over The Rainbow" and careened into "Bluesette." His fingers don't miss a note that his mind conceives, and, like Richardson, he conceives in torrents. Yet all was organic to the tune at hand.

"I've always sort of wanted to be a jazz singer," the typically demure Ferris explained about his singing, before giving forth "Magic," an original country-western tune! He closed with a smooth rendition of Joe Sample's "Carmel," employing a moderate pedal.

I once wrote that Paul Ferris was the only accompanist in town who deserved a solo set. While others might sustain such an outing, it was gratifying to me — and exciting to the audience — to find out just how true I had been on the subject of the abundantly talented Mr. Ferris.

As Lynn Brown said that eclectic evening, "It's nice to support the Council on Entertainment; the Council supports the entertainers." That could be paraphrased thusly: "Support your cabaret singers; they support their accompanists." And hiding behind these often hidden accompanists, as the Keyboard Concert proved, are some very excellent piano players.

COMING UP

The Hal and David Show in its last evening at Fanny's before a month-long absence, Friday night, January 29, from 9:30.

Napata Mero and her trio in their best S.F. setting to date, the Plush Room, Monday, February 1, at 9:30.

Marlene Ver Planck is Eileen Farrell's guest on "Great American Popular Singers" on KALW-FM, 91.7, on Sunday, January 31, at 8pm, repeated February 3 at 3pm.

There are still tickets available for Cleo Laine at the Opera House, Sunday, February 7.

Halloween in February

One Act Theatre Company presents its February Lunchtime Theatre bill: *Halloween* by Leonard Melfi, a tender and humorous encounter between an older woman (played by Barbara Oliver) and a younger man (Mark Todd).

Performances are every Wednesday in February at 12 noon at the One Act Theatre Company, 430 Mason Street. Admission is \$3, bag lunches are welcome, and coffee and cookies are available in the lobby.

For further information, call 421-6162.



Meg Christian (l) and Teresa Trull are two of the entertainers who will be performing at the 1982 Cable Car Awards & Show to be presented Sunday, February 7, at the Japan Center Theatre. Both artists are nominated in the "Outstanding Contribution by a Recording Artist" category. Additionally, Meg Christian is nominated for her concert performance with Chris Williamson at the Berkeley Community Theatre.

The doors open at 6pm and the show starts at 7pm. Tickets for the event are on sale at Headlines and Gramophone Records (Polk and Castro locations), the Starlight Room on Market Street, and Urban Country on Castro.

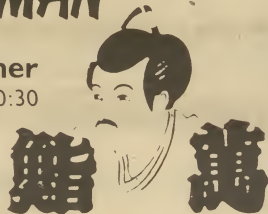
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BACK TO BATON

Fiddler on the Hoof

PHILIP CAMPBELL

The tickets sold out weeks in advance and even the hysteria of Super Bowl Sunday could do nothing to sap the enthusiasm of those music lovers lucky enough to catch violinist Itzhak Perlman during his dazzling tour of San Francisco.

His playing is a breathtaking blend of exquisite taste and brilliant dexterity. Add the components of wit, discipline and superlative musicianship and you've got the charisma and genius of a man who eminently deserves every gushy kudo and high falutin' honor bestowed upon him.

The concerts played with Maestro de Waart and our own Symphony were quite simply the best of the year thus far. Perhaps it was due to the electricity of Perlman's presence or the return to the podium of recently ailing de Waart, but rarely have our musicians played better.

Opening with an elegant performance of Bach's Violin Concerto in E and closing with a beautifully delineated Beethoven "Pastoral," the orchestra proved conclusively that they can compare with the very best when they set their minds to it.

Set between the two glowing old standards and displayed as the priceless gem it is, was Alban Berg's deeply moving (and too infrequently heard) Violin Concerto.

If I ever felt the need to justify twelve tone music, I would certainly use the Berg Concerto as a convincer. The score is a mesmerizing stream of consciousness that takes the listener on an emotional

and intellectual journey that manages to be cerebral and lyrical at the same time.

Dropping the lovable mugging he allowed himself during the Bach Concerto, Perlman launched into Berg's masterwork with great commitment and obvious feeling. The results were a powerful testament to the genius of both composer and performer.

After an evening like that I wasn't sure that even Itzhak Perlman could top himself. On Sunday afternoon, right smack dab in the middle of the Super Bowl, he not only did so but managed to make the football fans in the audience forget about the game.

The programme was cleverly arranged to show off virtually all of Perlman's technique without ever once stooping to vulgarity. A Handel Sonata full of sunlight and shadow led beautifully to a Sonata by Brahms that alternately sang with restrained emotion and danced with surprising fervor.

Intermission allowed the faithful to catch up with the game (even though Perlman graciously supplied us with the scores between selections) and gave everyone a chance to catch their breath before hearing the fiery Sonata No. 3 by Edvard Grieg.

He could have ended the afternoon there and it would have been highly satisfying, but Itzhak Perlman knows how to work an audience to fever pitch and there were some death-defying encores in store.

With a touching and simple



His musicianship and technique are aided by his charm. Itzhak Perlman took time between pieces during his recital to announce Super Bowl scores!

rendition of Stephen Foster's "Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair" and a positively heart-stopping Paganini "Caprice," Perlman deservedly won himself, along with the Forty-Niners, the title of "The Greatest."

His performance schedule is back-breaking (some forty cities during one season) and his repertoire is overwhelming; still, Itzhak Perlman manages to bring a freshness and involvement to every piece he plays. He is a living embodiment of the Joy of Music and I hope he has plans to return to Davies Hall in the very near future.

The Butler Did It

Pacifica Spindrift Players present an Americanized version of Joe Orton's popular comedy *What The Butler Saw*, which may be viewed as a social satire or a frantic farce. It promises to be more outrageous than most, satirizing everything from Teddy Roosevelt to the Moscone bust. Pure farce reigns as a psychiatrist tries to seduce a secretarial applicant, arousing the suspicions of his nymphomaniac wife. Meanwhile, a hotel bellboy attempts to blackmail the wife with photos of her tryst with him in a hotel linen closet.

TONE DEAF

(Continued from Page 21)

felt long after her death and the new lp *Farewell* will spark interest in the woman who was called "the greatest white blues singer ever." But the previously unreleased material does not show off her talents to their best advantage except for the track "One Night Stand." This was, they say, the story of her desperate attempts at finding an honest, loving relationship with never materialized. That tragic story is heard too often in our culture. It brings back memories of the man who jumped off the Federal building, leaving a message that he was fed up with the drugs and the baths.

Having never been tempted by a Galleria party I decided, in a futile attempt at informed journalism, to attend the "First Encounter" party at Moscone Center to see what the disco dummies were up to these days. I'm afraid they're not up to much. The site of the party was impressive, as was the size of the crowd. But the music, except for the live entertainment, was technically perfect boredom. Listening to two and three year old disco hits is not my idea of a good time. I'm surprised La DJ got as far as Billy Idol's "Mony Mony" and would have appreciated either "Dancing With Myself" or "Baby Talk" which are even better songs off the same EP. His mixing of the old song "Magic Bird of Fire" was exceptional but he should be forced to eat Dan Hartman's "Relight My Fire" and regurgitate it on his turntable.

Jerry De Gracia

The show opens January 29 and plays weekends at 8:30pm until February 20 at the Oddstad Recreation Center, 1060 Crespi Drive in Pacifica. Call 355-4638 for information.



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TALES OF TESSI TURA

The Maiming of the Shrew

GEORGE HEYMONT

Violent deaths are a standard component of the operatic repertoire. Whether it's Floria Tosca ramming a fruit knife into the chief of police or Lizzie Borden giving her mother forty whacks one can rest assured that where there is opera, there's a certain amount of gore.

Now let's be honest: There are just so many ways you can knife a soprano. No matter where you register your silverware pattern — whether you use the lunge and slash method or twist the dagger, the outcome is basically going to be the same. In order to vary the results, it behooves one to change the artists instead of the utensils.

That's what happened this Fall when the San Francisco Opera scheduled two different casts in its new production of Bizet's *Carmen*. It's no secret that by the end of the opera that broad is going to get wasted. But the results were so strikingly different from opening to closing night that the spectacle demands analysis.

SECOND-HAND ROSITA

The first cast boasted Teresa Berganza in the title role, Franco Bonisolli as Don Jose and Simon Estes as Escamillo. Ms. Berganza is a strong-minded Spaniard, with gypsy in her soul and precise ideas about what she wanted to do with the role. By contrast, Hanna Schwarz's *Carmen* was an exercise in operatic posturing and chest tones. Alas, Schwarz wasn't

able to pull the character together into one person. Her *Carmen* came off more like a Jewish-American princess with delusions of grandeur let loose in Neiman-Marcus. There was more than ample attitude, much shoulders and a lot of vocal pushing. From where I sat in the house it felt as if she had worked on the more familiar moments in the opera very carefully and was determined to risk her way across the thin patches in between. It didn't work.

Lenus Carlsen's Escamillo, too, was an exercise in operatic types. Wooden, monochromatic, and uninspired, Carlsen's toreador was a stock character which could be floated in and out of any production. Leona Mitchell's Micaela was less a naive country girl than a young woman with increasingly diva-like affectations. With these three artists going their solitary routes during the evening, the cohesiveness of Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's production went right down the tubes.

The evening was saved, however, by Placido Domingo, whose genuine commitment to the character of Don Jose delivered a musical portrayal etched in clear, concise strokes. In his farewell appearances under Kurt Adler's administration Domingo pulled out all stops — singing with a purity and musicianship which serve as a role model to every aspiring artist. His dramatic involvement was so utterly selfless that by focusing on the character de-

mands he unwittingly changed the thrust of the opera.

The result was that a performance which had begun to feel like a bad attack of sloppy seconds took on a new face and became an evening devoted to Don Jose rather than *Carmen*. Exciting, yes. Bizarre, yes — and a wonderful experience in watching a tenor subvert his personal ego to the demands of the composer while carrying the show for a cast of artists who were hardly his equal.

BAD NIGHT AT THE BARRACKS

Whereas Bizet's *Carmen* is a work familiar to audiences

three more scenes until I could leave the theatre. There are many who passionately love Berg's score. I am not among them (although this time I was genuinely moved during several crucial moments of the opera). Alas, Berg's operas tend to bring out the extremes of selfish cynicism in me. Like the mother in *Butterflies are Free*, I take the view that while diarrhea is a part of real life I wouldn't necessarily want to pay for it as entertainment.

The performance was tight, well-sung, and strongly effective. I'm just not crazy about the opera itself. In his farewell



The call of the wild beckons Wozzeck (Sir Geraint Evans) to his death in a nearby swamp.

and Richard Mason were the key forces behind the production. Sir Geraint Evans also directed the work (aided immensely by Thomas Munn's perceptive lighting). I cannot fault any of the elements in the production. But Hello, Dolly it ain't. ■

Buster Keaton Film Festival

It's surprising to find that the freshest, most original and tasty comedy comes from the silent classics of Buster Keaton. From January 22 to February 15, the Cento Cedar Cinema is showing some thirty of Keaton's greatest comedy gems. All the prints are beautifully restored and come from the Keaton private collection.

The man is clever, his art sublime. The Cento Cedar Keaton Festival is mandatory medicine for anyone whose spirits need lifting. ■

Michael Lasky



"I told you never to serve me lima beans!" A grief-stricken Don Jose (Placido Domingo) realizes he has killed his beloved Carmen (Hanna Schwarz).

around the globe, Berg's *Wozzeck* is not. Hardly the kind of opera where you exit humming the score, *Wozzeck* is an evening of remarkably depressing music whose theatrical rewards are often questionable when compared to the endurance required by the audience (it was performed here without intermission).

Here, too, a fickle woman gets knifed by her man. But in *Wozzeck*, I was more excited knowing that it meant only

performances with the San Francisco Opera, Sir Geraint Evans recreated his legendary portrayal of Wozzeck. Janis Martin was a sympathetic Marie; Jean Cox a strutting, macho Drum Major.

Wozzeck is one opera where the driving impact comes from the ensemble work of all creative forces rather than from any one single performance. Conductor Wolfgang Rennert and set designers Leni Bauer-Ecsy

MC's Named for Cable Car Show

Bob Cramer, Chair of the 1982 Cable Car Awards & Show, has announced several changes in the presentation of this annual event.

This year there will be three pairs of MC's. Leading off the evening will be Bay Area Reporter Publisher Bob Ross and Supervisor Nancy Walker. The second set will be Doris Ward's Supervisory aide, Brandy Moore, and businessperson Chris Pucell. The final set of hosts for the evening will be B.A.R. columnist Marcus coupled with 1982 Lesbian/Gay Freedom Parade Co-chair and "Dykes on Bikes" founder Glenna McElhenney.

This year many of the awards will be presented by

the hosts of the event. Another change this year will be the elimination of an intermission. Also, many of the presenters will be introduced by an off-stage announcer. The purpose of these actions are to tighten up the show. Many of the entertainment nominees are also scheduled to perform.

The 1982 Cable Car Awards & Show begins at 7pm at the Japan Center Theatre on Sunday, February 7. Doors open at 6pm for the public voting. Tickets are now on sale at Gramophone, Headlines, the Starlight Room, and at Urban Country Florists on Castro Street. Tickets are \$15 and \$20 on the main floor and \$10 in the balcony.

Temescal Gay Men's Chorus

The Temescal Gay Men's Chorus is seeking additional members now for a concert to be presented in late spring. All male parts (tenor, baritone and bass) are needed, as well as two female solo parts.

The concert will consist of the premiere performance of the oratorio "Gilgamesh," a mythological epic of Gay love, from ancient Sumeria.

Singers at all levels of experience are encouraged to inquire. Chorus rehearsals are Tuesdays, 7:00-9:30pm at the University Christian Church, LeConte & Scenic Streets in Berkeley.

For further information, please contact Charles Baker at 3037-B College Avenue in Berkeley, or call 654-0604.

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SPORTS SECTION

GAY ATHLETIC GAMES '82

ON THE MARK

Common Sense Is Not So Common

HEADQUARTERS: 597 CASTRO • 861-8282

I wonder what events lead Voltaire to make that observation in the 1700's. We've come a long way from "Paris in the Terror," but, it seems, folly pursues us!

The United States Olympic Committee said they would not grant us permission to use the word "Olympic" to describe our event. That wouldn't be so terrible if they hadn't already looked the other way on the following: Xerox Olympics (Sunnyvale), Dog Olympics (Texas), Armenian Olympics (Hayward), Crab Cooking Olympics (San Francisco), Diaper Olympics (Los Angeles), Rat Olympics (Sacramento).

The Armenians have certainly been the butt of many an ethnic slur and we can commiserate, while at the same time envy their hands-off status from the USOC. But to be afforded a position less than rats and crabs and dogs as well as pee-pads and copy machines takes us to a new low.

The USOC says we will steal their "life Blood" which is fundraising. Tell you what, we'll open our books if they'll open theirs. I think the public would be shocked to know what the USOC, lodged up in Colorado Springs, has in its coffers. I would also like to know what kind of salaries the Executive Committee draws — Rocky Mountain High?

They are worried that "Gay" Olympics would be confused with the "real" Olympics. Now I ask you, how can an event scheduled two years earlier be confused with another? Furthermore, when has a Gay event ever been confused with any other?

Another objection is that our Games would "dilute the meaning of the Olympic Games" . . . What the hell does that mean? Don't they know that the original Olympic Games were of institutionalized homosexuality?

We are not sitting back! I'll keep you informed about our actions as they take shape.



The front and back covers of the Dutch soccer team's marching song record. "Bal." Will we hear our Marching Band play it?



On the positive side, I want to include a letter we received from Holland. The Dutch Gay Soccer Team (FC = Football Club) has raised money by recording a song, now selling in the top ten in Holland. The letter is reproduced verbatim because even the typos are so charming.

Dear Tim,

Sorry that our English is not so perfect.

The FC Du Masher/De GAY Krant will definitely take part on the GAY OLYMPICS. We will depart from Brussels airport august the 26st and arrive in San Francisco, the same day. The team will have 20 people who want to stay in a cheap place or with friends. Please can you reserve a suitable place for this group for reasonable prices (European prices).

With the plane there will also arrive a group of ca. 60 supporters. They shall find their own hotels and friends. They have the address of Bed-ad-the-Bay and other Hotels and they must look after themselves.

(Continued on next page)

Cycling in the '82 Gay Games

(Seventh in a series on the '82 Gay Athletic Games)

MARK BROWN

There are two cycling events which comprise the cycling competition for the '82 Gay Athletic Games. The first is a Massed Start Touring Race of average difficulty and the second is a Cyclo-Cross race of above average difficulty. Points will be awarded the first ten places in each race and the point totals from both races will determine the final, overall ranking for the Bronze, Silver and Gold medals. The top three finishers in each individual race will also receive medals.

The Massed Start Race is one in which all riders start from the same point at the same time. It will cover a course of 10.3 miles over open road in Golden Gate Park. This type of race will allow quite a number of riders to compete, while giving the opportunity of full competition by novices as well as experienced riders. A contingent of three men and three women will represent each city in this event. The Massed Start Race will be held in the early morning hours in order to utilize streets in the park which will not be filled with moving cars. The race is set for 7:00 am, Saturday, September 4, 1982.

The Cyclo-Cross Race will be held to determine endurance, skill in bicycling (handling) and physical conditioning. This race will cover 15 miles (26 km) starting from the Golden Gate Park entrance at McLaren Lodge through the Park to the Ocean, over portions of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area (Land's End) and return to Stow Lake Boat House in Golden Gate Park.

A Cyclo-Cross race is one that may be compared to a cross-country race on a bicycle. It combines running and cycling, with natural and other obstacles to traverse. In most cases the paved road consists of at least half of the course. This race forces the cyclist to handle the bike in adverse conditions, requiring some intense physical activity and some fun.

The Cyclo-Cross Race is set for 7:00 am, Sunday, September 5, 1982, and will be the final sports competition event for the '82 Gay Athletic Games. Co-Chairmen Jerry Ford and Brandy Moore have done a super job in planning the cycling events.

For further information on cycling or any of the other Games sports, call (415) 861-8282 or (415) 861-0882, or drop in at the Gay Athletic Games Headquarters at 597 Castro (at 19th).

CORNER POCKET

The Stallion — Tri-City Champs

Los Angeles

GENE MILLER

In the first minutes of a foggy Monday morning, January 18th, Maria Aguilar stroked a long 8-ball shot to the corner sending the Stallion back to San Francisco with a Silver Cup in their hands. It was the perfect climax to a weekend of tough competition on the green felt in a place called the Westside, on Venice Boulevard just off La Cienega. With cheers, sighs of relief, and plenty of hugs and kisses, the San Francisco 8-ball contingent dashed to the airport at thirty minutes past midnight. After a mad scramble and a few tense moments we boarded the airport shuttle two minutes after the plane was scheduled to leave. Fortunately, it had been delayed 20 minutes so the rush was over and we could afford to really get loose . . . and that was one happy busride.

Maria Aguilar, a player who concentrates in almost Zen fashion as she strokes, was prepared for the challenge facing her in that final game. Her season record was nothing to brag about, considering her demonstrated talents: 17 wins, 14 losses. It was an off-season but when it came to the playoffs she got the rhythm she'd been working toward and finished the post season competition with the highest winning percentage on the team. It was appropriate, then, that it should be Maria who would prevent Los Angeles from forcing a 7-game overtime.

Nobody wanted another overtime. Yes, another. On Saturday, as the Stallion faced the Los Angeles team in the first round, L.A. caught up from an 8-5 deficit and took the match into overtime. The first match brought Gordon Bell up against a player who was to eventually finish with a 10/3 record against the gang from Polk & Ellis, one Don Carrier. Gordon had already stood helplessly by earlier in the day as Don broke and ran out against him, but this time it was Gordon's turn to break. Don gave him a chance, but the best Gordon could do was run 5 balls. Don finished the game with a 5-ball run, and the Stallion was behind 9-8. Wally Sutherland then tied the match in a battle of safeties with David Popma, and it was Colin Bradley's turn. It had been a frustrating weekend for Colin thus far, but he was laughing about it and so were his teammates.

"For Christ's sake!" he said, half sobbing, half laughing, leaning over his cue stick like it was a hoe on a hot afternoon, "Five-thirty Saturday and I still haven't won a game!" He broke the balls and promptly scratched. L.A.'s Jim Taube stepped in and ran down to his last ball but missed the payoff shot. Colin ran four balls and then, stuck for a shot, played safe while nudging a critical ball into better position. Jim was forced to play only for the hit, and that was all Colin needed. He ran four balls and finally had his first win of the weekend.

Next it was Steve McGuire against Maria. They had faced each other earlier, Maria running 7 balls against him on her first turn, winning the game on her second. Revenge would have been sweet in overtime but Steve made a mistake and once again Maria needed only two turns. She made it 11-9, putting the Stallion just one game away from a win. Gordon had a chance to do it, but as we held our collective breath he made the 8 in the wrong pocket. 11-10.

It brought up the two players who eventually emerged as the ones to watch at the Westside. Wally had already run all eight against Don in their first clash, but this time it was Don's break. No luck on the break for Don, so Wally took stripes but scratched on his second shot. Then they each ran 5 balls. Carrier scratched and Wally brought the match to a close with the Stallion winning 12-10.

L.A. had already defeated San Diego's "Club San Francisco" (great name for a bar, we all thought) on Friday night as the 35-hour pool marathon got underway. Saturday night it was the Stallion's turn, and San Diego was eliminated from further competition with a 9-3 defeat. With a shrug and a smile, San Diego will continue their quest for a West Coast Challenge victory this summer, and they already have their tickets for the July trip to San Francisco.

But Sunday morning . . . let's put it this way: Los Angeles beat Colin Bradley 9-3. That's what happened and it was stunning. But it was deja vu for me . . . my team last July, the Phoenix B, did exactly the same thing at the West Coast Challenge in San Diego, only the score wasn't quite that bad.

But just as Phoenix had done in July, the Stallion pulled it out. The final match was close all the way, either tied or a 1-game L.A. lead until the 15th game, when the Stallion went ahead 8-7 . . . their first lead in 27 games!

Gordon Bell beat Don Carrier in a game that included five safeties (it was a cautious weekend; strategy hung in the air) to tie the match at 7-7. Wally cinched the tie with a gift from providence (we had been praying for rolls . . .), as he left Popma with only the 12 and 8 on the table but snookered on the 8. David made a sporting try at it but a minute later it was 8-7, Stallion.

Up came Maria. It was either win the game or go into overtime again — and miss the last plane home. We have no doubt how she sorted those priorities. None of us will ever know how calm and determined she was, and that 8-ball shot — the full length of the table to the corner pocket — is etched in our memories forever.

So San Francisco has done it again, 5 seasons in a row for teams from the City by the Bay. Hey . . . STALLION!!! Congratulations also to Wally Sutherland, the best SF finisher in the individual's bracket, at 3rd place. Jim Hennessey of San Diego took 1st place, Don Carrier of L.A. was 2nd, and L.A.'s Frank Bustamante (1st last season) came in 4th.

Many thanks to the Westside for setting up a special, newly-recovered table in a perfect room; we hope we can do it all over (with the same score!) when the West Coast Challenge returns to Los Angeles in July of '83.

C.S.L. SCOREBOARD

The 1981 season was a banner year for the C.S.L. with 12 fine teams competing. The 1981 champion team was The Cinch, coached by Jim Huffnagle and Steve Davis and sponsored by Hans. The fundraiser game between The Cinch and Ambush, the champs of the Gay Softball League, was handily won by The Cinch. The monies raised by the game will enable the Ambush team to travel to the World Series in Toronto.

During a weekend tournament, a C.S.L. makeshift team beat Griff's, the 1981 World Champs of Los Angeles. These games were played in honor of Mr. Bill Chapman.

The 1981 All Stars includ-

ed the following titles: **Most Valuable Catcher**, Jim Huffnagle and Jason Rodewald; **Best Pitcher**, Steve Davis; **Best First Base**, Dennis Eagleton; **Best Second Base**, Terry Page and Gino Tardiff; **Best Shortstop**, J.D. Roache; **Best Third Base**, Bobby Hartman; **Best Outfielders**, Gus Torres, Kenny Holman, Tony Suchon, and Ron Lezell; **Batting Title and Most Valuable Player of the Year**, Ron Lezell.

New officers for the 1982 season are George Zepp, Commissioner; Duke Joyce, Assistant Commissioner; Victor Camara, Secretary; and Rodger Soto, Treasurer.

An open meeting will be held on February 20 at 1pm at the Railway Express, 147

RODGER SOTO

Taylor Street. Playing rules and bylaws will be discussed, and anyone interested in playing or sponsoring softball should attend. The player fee is \$15 per season; the sponsor fee is \$250 for the year. The league pays for the balls, fields, and umpires. At this time it appears that between 12 and 14 teams will be competing in the upcoming season. Newcomers are welcome. Attend the meeting or call Rodger Soto at 861-0166 evenings.

For those who want to play in both leagues, assurances are offered that careful scheduling should allow this. The conflicts of last year won't be repeated. Good luck to Tom Vindeed and the G.S.L. for a smashing 1982 season! ■

TGWNBL

Hammering Out The Framework

JERRY R. DE YOUNG

On the frigid evening of January 14, a small group of bowling officers, presided over by Mal Garcia and Sara Lewinstein (co-chairpersons of the Coordinating Committee for National Competition), convened in the meeting room on the 2nd floor of Park Bowl. The purpose of the gathering was to utilize, totally, each delegate's particular bowling expertise, in an attempt to forge a final version of the bowling rules for the upcoming 1982 Gay Athletic Games.

The meeting lasted from approximately 7:45pm to 10:00pm, and, I can assure you, it was 135 minutes of intense mental effort. Once the objective was announced, the assemblage never once wavered from the stated goal.

Several in-depth discussions were skillfully lead by Melanie Coyle and Allan Winkle (co-chairs of the Coordinating Committee for Local Competition). Moreover, there were many valuable recommendations put forward by Dennis Hale, President of the Thursday Afternoon Community League and Sharon Robbins, President of the Monday Night Community League at Japantown Bowl.

Although it would not be practical to list all the rules here, there are a few, nevertheless, that justify mentioning.

First, all the bowling competition will be held at Park Bowl on Haight Street. The local elimination competition will be scratch games (darn!), and the teams must be either all male or all female: no doubles, mixed doubles, or mixed fives.

A bowler can qualify twice in the competition; once as a team-member, and again as an individual (or vice versa).

The Gay Athletic Games are open to all persons who can qualify (excluding professionals).

The maximum number of bowlers permitted to bowl (in the Gay Athletic Games) from each city is limited to: 5 individual men, 5 individual women, 1 team of 5 women, 1 team of 5 men, and 2 alternate bowlers (1 man and 1 woman).

Local competition to qualify for the Athletic Games will commence on April 17. However, the applications for both individual and team entry must be mailed to the Local Committee at Park Bowl (1855 Haight Street, S.F., CA 94117) with a postmark date no later than March 26, 1982.

The fee for bowling in the Local Competition will be on a nominal per-game basis. Also, when the forms are made available, to facilitate the administrative functions, please submit them as soon as possible.

Even though the preceding is only a basic format of the rules for entering the elimination competition, maybe it has, nonetheless, served to pique your interest and caused you to ask yourself — why not, I have a bowling ball!

If that is the case, it will only be a short while until the official rules are made generally available (thanks to a group of profoundly dedicated bowling officers), and then you can see if you measure up. ■

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HEALTH SHORTS

RON SNYDER

"Poppers": The controversy surrounding the long term effects of "poppers" has been taken to a new arena: the Health and Environment Committee of the S.F. Board of Supervisors. If you're interested in hearing the views of the manufacturers and of the health-conscious consumers, the meeting is tentatively scheduled for Tuesday, February 9, City Hall, room 228 at 2:00pm. Because of agenda changes, it is advisable to call 558-2943 to verify that the meeting will take place. By the way, the Committee is chaired by Supervisor Nancy Walker.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

KS Update: Kaposi's Sarcoma (KS) is a rare form of skin cancer usually affecting older individuals. However, health officials have recently become alarmed due to the sudden increase in the number of identified cases in young (teens to 40's) people in New York City, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. At one time the disease was dubbed "Gay Cancer" because all the identified cases were Gay young men. However, cases among straight men and women have recently been identified. The Federal Center for Disease Control is presently trying to identify the cause(s). The one common symptom has been a spot(s) or bump(s), which doesn't itch or hurt, and is reddish-purplish in color. The symptom can occur anywhere on the body, including the soles of the feet. If you notice any new spots or bumps which meet this description, you should contact your doctor for an examination. If you don't have a doctor, contact the Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights (BAPHR) at 673-3189 for a referral.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Men's Clinic: The Men's Clinic, housed at District Health Center #1, provides health promotion and disease prevention services to the men's community. Among these services is screening for gonorrhea and syphilis. It is recommended that sexually active men be screened at least once every three months. When were you last screened? The Clinic, located at 3850 17th Street (between Noe and Sanchez) is open 1:00 to 7:00pm, Monday through Thursday, and 8:00 to 11:00am on Friday. For more information call 558-3905. ■

SPORTS CALENDAR

Jan. 28 - Feb. 3

LES BALMAIN

JANUARY

28 Thurs	7:00pm	Gay Athletic Soccer Practice Kezar Pavilion
29 Fri	7:00pm	Gay Athletic Sports Committee Chairman Meeting, 597 Castro
30 Sat	10:00am	FrontRunners - Fun Run Stow Lake Boat House Golden Gate Park
31 Sun	11:00am	Gay Athletic Track & Field McAteer High School Track
	6:15pm	S.F. Women's Business Bowling League, Park Bowl

FEBRUARY

1 Mon	8:30pm	Tavern Guild Bowling League Park Bowl
2 Tues	6:00pm	Spaghetti Benefit for Gay Athletic Games, \$2 Donation The Village, 4086 18th Street
	7:00pm	FrontRunners - Fun Run Toll Plaza, Golden Gate Bridge
3 Wed	8:30pm	Tavern Guild Bowling League Park Bowl

GAY ATHLETIC GAMES

(Continued from Page 25)

The soccerplayers will stay for two weeks!!! The FC Du Masher/The GAY Krant will pay a part of the trip by selling their succes-single here in Holland. It is in the Top-10 now. All the savings of this record goes to the trip. We have also a copy of this record for you. May be the boys of the San Francisco Gay Marching Band can learn to play the music of the number "The Bal."

Together with the supporters also Dutch Radio and Television will be present at the Gay Olympics als well as a very popular Dutch magazine. And of course De GAY Krant (the GAY paper) the most popular Dutch Gay pape. Even the chier editor mr. Rene Peperkamp will go with the group to San Francisco.

So that's enough for today. Hope to hear from you very soon.

Joop Boonstra
De FC Du Masher/De GAY Krant

There it is! Leave it to the Gays to bring this world together. One final note. A plea! Help us protect our Games. Send us a contribution. Every dollar will bring us closer to the realization of a truly representative international competition for Gay men and women.

Our sponsors now include: Maud's/Amelia's, The Village, Park Bowl, Gilmore's and Twin Peaks. ■

Dr. Tom Waddell, M.D.

BAY AREA REPORTER BOB'S BAZAAR

BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT X-RATED BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT X-RATED BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT

SOUTHERN SCANDALS

Rising & Falling in the Gay Milieu

MR. MARCUS

We're barely into 1982 and things are happening all over town faster than the wink of an eye. The much-touted CATACOMBS II on Larkin Street has closed after a short, but lively existence. At press time, rumors abounded that Catacombs will be re-opening some time, some place, soon. The Scatological Society is looking for a new place for their weekly parties formerly held on Wednesdays at DAN'S COMPOUND, the adjunct to the GOLD COAST which also closed its doors just last week. And what a pity. The SF Chapter of Scat had the distinction of having the world's largest bidet and this turn of events is reason enough to hoist a brown flag at half-mast in mourning the flush, uh, er, the going down the tubes of that fledgling institution. No need to say that the reasons for the demise of both places have not been explained, so you'll have to sniff or probe out the information yourselves.

On the bright side of things, look for the opening of CHAPS on 10th Street sometime in April and with the GOLD COAST (name to be changed) and the STABLES coming on strong with liquor licenses soon, competition in the booze lanes will be extremely tough during February and March, the traditionally "slow" months for all bars after the cash-depleting holiday season.

Looming ahead, the South of Market Empress Phyllis will relinquish the throne and defense of Mexico and the Farallon Islands next week to either Brett, Connie or Mae as the Tavern Guild presents the annual coronation of the Empress de San Francisco on Saturday night at GALIFORNIA Hall. The next evening Emperor III Bob Cramer presents the annual Cable Car Awards at the Japan Center Theatre, an event that has grown in unprecedented prestige over the past eight years. The emphasis is on entertainment and the tickets are selling faster than a cable car going down the California Street hill without brakes. International rock (now blues) star Sylvester will receive a special award and the Barbary Coast Cloggers, Boys Town Gang, and Nicholas, Glover & Wray will perform as well. I'd like to thank Randy Shilts' committee for nominating me in the Outstanding Columnist category but would say that you, the public make the news; I only report it.

On Saturday, February 20, the Barbary Coasters M/C present their 16th Annual Motorcycle Awards at California Hall, the yearly paean to organized bikers and social clubs. This stirring display of pageantry is mixed with the adroit campiness of the shows presented on bike runs as well as the serious categories of excellence in motorcycle riding, events and competition. Always a fun experience, the

affair this year should be tight-knit and entertaining. While most of us will miss seeing our Southland friends this year, their exclusion from the event makes for a shorter ceremony. The Barbary Coasters will celebrate their 16th anniversary later on this year, according to President Ken "Kitty" LaPierre.

Seats are still available for Uniform Night at THEATRE RHINOCEROS tomorrow night (Friday) for POGGY BAIT, a serio/funny stage experience dealing with a young, Gay sailor aboard ship during WWII. Steev'n Lloyd is particularly a standout as far as comic relief is concerned, and Ron (hunk) Lanza in a supporting role will make the most novice uniform freaks plunge into the genre without hesitation. There's a party with the cast afterward and \$3 off the regular \$7 ticket price if you're in uniform. Lanny Baugniet, the head honcho at Rhino, definitely knows how to appeal to the masses!

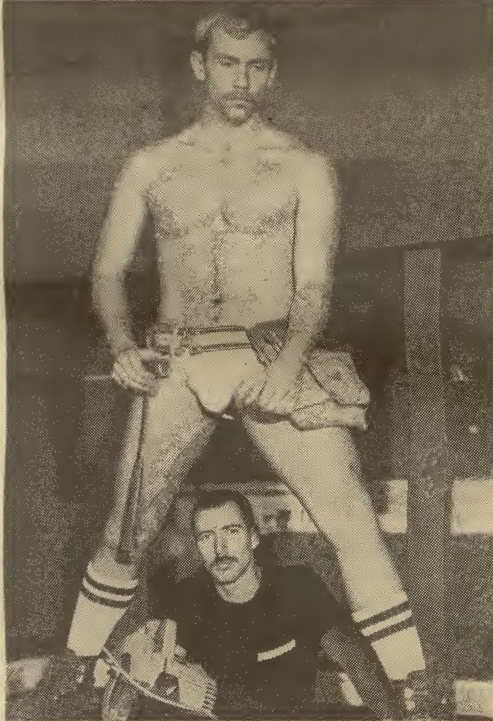
★ ★ ★

SPECIFIC TELL & TELL

Congratulations to Randy West, newly elected president of the PHOENIX UNIFORM CLUB, and to Gary Kenyon, new chairman of the Inter-Club Fund. The Phoenix have been nominated for a Cable Car Award for their 6th Anniversary Party, and Gary's been nominated as Rider of the Year and Man of the Year in the Bike Awards. Don't look now, but certain members of the GSL are conspiring to bring charges against a team player who is suspected of being — STRAIGHT! Citing his participation in STRAIGHT ball-games and his personal sex life with WOMEN, the offender may have to walk the plank any day now. The way things are going, the GSL may have to institute lie detector tests to all players with dubious sexual practices. Like I said before, does GSL mean "Get Somebody Lovable"? In another move at their meeting last Thursday night the membership voted to deny funds to the GSL Champs when they go forth to play in the Gay World Series. It's a reprieve of sorts this year as the "Series" will be held in Our



Lou Rudolph clowns around after capturing the performances of Pristine Condition and Naomi Ruth Eisenberg in paint. They performed in CHEAP HOTEL at 544 Natoma. (Photo by Rink)



Joseph the Carpenter towers over Steve Evers as they get their tools ready to remodel Gold Coast. The bar is planned to re-open in six weeks. (Photo by Terry, courtesy of Alternate Publishing)

Town. It was noted that no South of Market sponsors were present at the latest meeting. Overheard at the STABLES the other night between two bleary-eyed men: Q - "Do you wanna play swimming pool with me?" Q - "What's swimming pool?" A - "You lay down and I'll plunge into your ass" . . . ONWARD! Watch for the opening of DUNGEON LEATHERS at 2195 Market (close to the leathery DETOUR) sometime this Spring by Bandana, Inc., a division of Male Image. . . Bob Reed, who should have won a Spoon Award for stirring years ago, is back at the helm of the CASTRO CAFE and it is rumored that he has revamped the menu, naming certain hamburgers after celebrities about town, a move that is sure to raise the ire of a few. . . Travis and Danny are back from their odyssey to Australia and they certainly did a terrific P.R. (public relations) trip for their employer, CASTRO STATION. They ended up on the cover of the SYDNEY STAR, the outstanding Gay magazine in that town, but you would not recognize them in their

tion. Danny Allieri, everyone's favorite bartender, was pushing drinks out faster than a slave with a cattle prod up his ass, and everyone was extremely festive after waiting in the cold to get into the scene. Congratulations to the DICKS — and many more. Maybe that should be "to the MOBY'S"??? Take your pick. A fun affair, indeed.

★ ★ ★

While some 81,000 fans watched the 49'ers wreck Sin-Sin-Atty at the Silver Dome in Detroit, a small group (eight in all) from South of Market wreaked havoc in the OUT-LAW, Detroit's ONLY western bar. When our intrepid jock fans arrived at the OUT-LAW they were outraged (make that incensed) to find the place decked out in the hated orange and black colors of the Bengals. Never ones to be denied their place in the sun, the group promptly tore down the decorations and set them on fire! The queens of Detroit thought that was quite campy, including the owner and for the rest of the night the San Franciscans were afforded the kind gesture of imbibing on the house. You didn't know I had spies in Detroit, did you? Her name is Martha Motown and he's not a member of the Vandellas. Thanks to JC of the SF-Eagle for all those 49-cent cocktails last Sunday, beginning at 1:49pm (1349 on THEIR crazy clock).

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SWEETLIPS SEZ

Consumer Reports

DICK WALTERS

Congratulations to the fabulous Forty-Niners, a truly great team . . . didn't you just love the parade on Market Street on Monday? Don't say that our city doesn't know how to celebrate.

Moby Dick on 18th Street is a very interesting and delightful bar to visit and to meet some very, very interesting people. It has great drinks and plenty of pinball machines in the rear.

Want some good imported and domestic cheeses? Try Mueller's Delicatessen on Castro Street near Urban Country Florist . . . they also have the finest chicken liver pate made by the congenial wife of the owner, Rose. Don't miss this gourmet deli.

Yes, the Kokpit at 301 Turk Street still has some great seats and tables left for the up-coming Coronation Ball to be held Saturday the 6th at California Hall . . . you don't want to miss this event, so get down there and get your tickets before they are all sold out.

Since the Gay Olympics must drop the word "Olympic" maybe they could go to the Olympic Club and have

them sponsor the "Gay Olympic Club Athletic Event" . . . a thought.

Remember Atlas Savings and IRA. Teamwork pays off.

Charles Pierce is appearing at the Plush Room . . . make your reservations, as this man is packing the room with a fantastic show (as usual) . . . love ya, Charles. 885-6800.

Thank you, Screening Room Theatre, for the great feature films that you are now showing and for the remodeling that is going on to make the theater a more comfortable and pleasant place of enjoyment . . . your reviews of the films are great, Karr.

Nice seeing Big Bird and Francesca at the popular Railway Express Sunday morning . . . understand that Francesca is going all out for the Coronation Ball . . . watch for the shoes, she tells me.

Yes, it is true that the N'Touch has been sold, but I understand that the new owners are not going to make any changes in personnel . . . we'll all miss you on Polk Street, Paul Bentley, but I guess some other area of town will be having a new bar shortly.

Yes, Wayne Friday is still on the plank at the New Bell Saloon . . . saw Carrot Top the other day, Wayne, with that beautiful Hawaiian tan.

Remember that Vanessa of Portland and our own Emperor Three Bob Cramer are MC's at this year's Coronation Ball . . . and the next night are the very popular Cable Car Awards at the Japan Center . . . don't miss either event.

Yes, that is Tom Morgan on the plank at the very popular White Swallow on Polk Street . . . you can see Tom on Saturday nights and Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday days (10-6), so drop by and say hi to this congenial gentleman.

Stephen Lewis — formerly of Le Disque — is now at the Kokpit . . . Monday days — Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights . . . so go have a drink with this nice guy.

Must say my own "Good-bye and you shall be greatly missed" to a close and very helpful friend of many years . . . Suzie. You shall not be forgotten, Suzie . . . you did a lot of things for the community that a lot of people don't know about.

PORN CORNER

Introducing The Zeus Collection

KARR

I certainly expect events to go full circle, but I expect them to take a little time to do so. Here's one event that circled round so fast I feel like a ballerina spinning on toe in a revolving door. Only several weeks ago I reported on J. Brian's new film, **Flashbacks**, with special comment on the presence of Mickey Squires in its cast. That set off a succession of letters, first from Mr. Squires himself, then from fans. My reaction to Mickey, and his reaction to me, appeared in these pages on three separate occasions, attracting a lot of attention. The articles came to the attention of The Zeus Collection, a Los Angeles-based photography studio which has done more work with Mickey than any other studio. They sent me a random sampling of their magazines and calendars, just filled with pictures of Mickey. And **Flashbacks** has opened at the Nob Hill. So here I am, inundated with Mickey from every angle, with the movie that started it all filling the screen and a pile of magazines holding down my lap.

Next week I'll revisit **Flashbacks**. This week it's the Zeus Collection. I've known the work of ZC photographer Jim Hawkins for at least two years now. I don't believe the studio itself is much older. Zeus was originally unique in that all its work, or the major portion of it, centered on bondage. Not a heavy-duty SM oriented kind of thing, but an artfully suggestive, lighter and erotic approach. There was no other studio with this approach, and Zeus certainly met the needs of some segment of the population.

There was in this approach, however, certain limitations, both in the content and its appeal. Not everybody is into light bondage. Zeus sought to broaden its appeal, and over the last year has brought out a series of magazines and photo sets with a vastly different orientation.

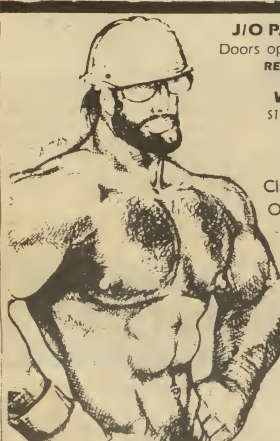
One of these magazines is devoted entirely to Robert La Tourneaux, whose major claim to fame is that he was the original "Cowboy" birth-day present in **Boys in the Band**. Another claim to fame is his handsome body, carefully built and beautifully maintained. Another magazine, this with more visceral impact, was a duo for muscled leathermen Val Martin and Leo Stone. Val kidnaps Leo, a construction worker, and chains him up. When Leo is set loose, a struggle for power ensues in which the tables are turned and the captor becomes captive. In other words, both these guys get to be topman.

Quickly following was a magazine-long "Leather Fantasy," a solo for Leo Stone, which cast him first as topman, then as bottom. Featuring leather and bondage, the magazine was very successful, aided immeasurably by Stone's forceful gaze and beefy body. Mark Wolf, the first Zeus model and an all-time favorite, was adulated by a full magazine, his chiseled, bulky body looking very good indeed in Hawkins' shadowed black and white photography.

Then Zeus got creative, producing a classic series of bondage magazines. "Zeus Men in Bondage" featured ten different attractive and muscular men bound and gagged. Ten more, including an Oriental model, appeared in Volume Two of this magazine, in what Zeus termed "Oriental Bondage." A lightweight rope and an intricacy of knotting and webbing across the body are the hallmarks of this style.

"Uniformed Rape" was perhaps the most hard-hitting publication up to this time. Herein the tables are turned on a rookie cop who tries to stop an SM session. The impact was undercut some by the usual lack of explicitness. Zeus' appeal lay a lot in suggestion and well-done photography. There is no "insertion" and few hard-ons in these earlier publications. This may explain Zeus' slow rise to popularity, as most people, as the Tubes say, "want it all, NOW!" Zeus goes a bit slower, asking more of the viewer. Zeus also prefers size in body to size of member, and those who like solely big cock are advised elsewhere.


Perhaps answering their (Continued on next page)




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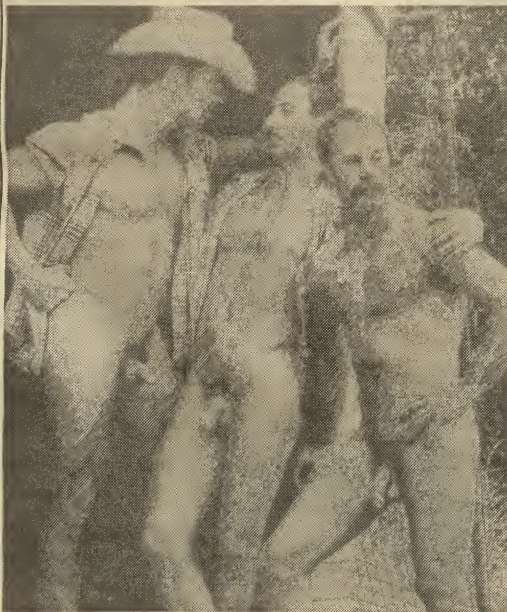
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Self-acclaimed "Scorch Singer" Ambi Sextrous (previously billed as a "Female Approximator") opens a new revue called **FOREVER AMBI**, beginning February 2 at 9pm. Fillmore's Neighborhood Cafe at Haight and Fillmore is the site, and the evening of musical entertainment and shock therapy will run every Tuesday this month. Cover is \$1. But beware! Ambi warns that "this she-male is dangerous!"



Zeus Collection brought Joe Paducah (left) from Kentucky to be their entrant in Los Angeles' **SUPER-MEN '80** competition. They sponsored the winner, and Paducah was launched on a modeling career that had all the major studios lined up for sessions. For his first Zeus magazine he was paired up with Mitch Machotti (center) and San Francisco's Thad Butler (right). The magazine is "Zeus Collection Presents Joe Paducah" which also features Mickey Squires, solo and in tandem with Paducah.



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Jan. 29**

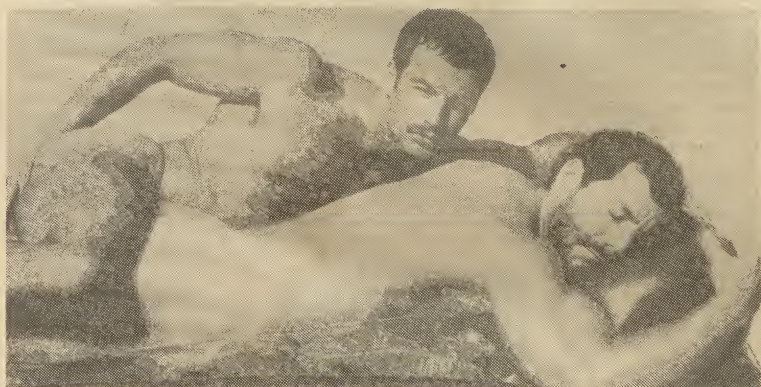
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PORN CORNER (Cont'd)



Joe Paducah and Mickey Squires afloat in Zeus Collection Presents Joe Paducah

critics, Zeus released two mainstream magazines, momentarily setting aside their leather and bondage specialties. These are "Zeus Cowboys" and "Zeus Presents Joe Paducah."

Mr. Paducah has also worked for Colt Studios, but it was Zeus who first sprang him on a welcoming public. Joe has an intense gaze, cat-like eyes and a beautiful body. His pecs and biceps get special honors and he purveys a distinct personality. His magazine finds him cavorting with two other butch guys in a Western setting before they tie him to a pole. Several pages are devoted to glossy duos of Joe and Mickey Squires lazing poolside in some expensive digs, making out in lush surroundings. The last third of the magazine is for Mickey

alone, in the Western setting in light bondage.

Then came "Cowboys." This has seven models, starting with the beefy (and most frequently erect) Gregg Strom, followed by shots of Mickey Squires which continue the sequence seen in the Paducah magazine. Mark Wolf, dark and butch, has the center spread. Joe Paducah and the two companions of his titular magazine appear, followed by many pages of Daddy-type Cody Harrison. Ryder Knight, thick, muscular and boyish, is a newcomer to watch and Merek Flint closes the show with his menacing personality.

I found this the most straightforward sexual Zeus magazine, although it is not hardcore beyond some de-

lectable hard-on shots. The models push their personalities and best features at us. The photography is always good, the layout of the magazines fancy, and full color is frequent. Those of you who enjoy Mickey will like these new ones, and Zeus has a lot

have two calendars, a Leather and Bondage one that is pretty hot, and one called California Color Classics. These are excellent samples of the studio's work.

64250, Los Angeles, CA 90064. State that you're over 21. And keep an eye on these pages for tasty glimpses of the Zeus Collection style. ■

Karr

you think this division exists?

Lesley: I'd have to repeat my biggest explanations. Gay men aren't, because of society, necessarily aware of the double suppression from straight as well as Gay men themselves. Also, because of the way that most "drag queens" exemplify the "exaggerated suppressed traits" of women. Again, the media chooses only to exploit the sordid side of Gay life... sex in the bushes and bathrooms, public sex with no concern of who might be watching, playing dress-up... overtly promoting their "ideas" of what "they" think a real woman should look like, or exaggerating to the point of making a caricature, as it were, of women in general! I, myself, do not want to be associated with lewd sex and outlandish portrayals of "female" trappings.

Because society is so patriarchal oriented, Gay men possibly feel threatened by a strong woman, because she's out of context of what they were taught a woman should be. A male sexist in this society too often questions the motive of a woman to the point of being threatened when approached for mere conversation in a bar. The division exists on both sides. However, there is still another minority within this minority... those Gay men and Lesbians who aren't threatened, who don't "play dress-up," who don't exploit the sensitivity of the opposite sex... these people get along very well together... they are the ones with whom I wish to associate.

Nez: Do you have any predictions for Lesbians?

Lesley: If women would truly use their inner-strength to its fullest advantage, but not go so far overboard to the point of being separatists, great strides can be made by working towards a "middle road." I really feel that we can achieve any goal we deserve!

Nez: What's in Lesley's

future?

Lesley: Boy, these questions are heavy! Well, I'd say for my future... it is improving the situation of the women (Lesbian and Straight). I intend, throughout my life, to promote women's studies, and help enlighten them to an actual past... they know their history, but not their HERstory! I want to promote women's quite possible and hopeful future.

My life's work will be with educating the masses to wildlife management. To insure a child three generations hence that they won't have to look in a book of extinct animals and say, "That was a dog," and never get to see, to know, or to play with one! When I was 16 I watched a TV show called "Guns of Autumn." I watched it with my grandfather, who was, himself, a hunter. When the show ended, we were both crying. There is no reason for humans to needlessly slaughter wild animals. I personally do not want to see any living thing become extinct.

Nez: You're a very deep, honest, and dedicated person. Any final comments?

Lesley: No, not really deep, and whatever you said... I'm just me. Further comment? God, haven't I talked too much already? Well... I believe people in the "Gay Movement" should become aware of each other's strife and struggles, and reasons for current attitudes. They should confront each other, deal with the problems, and overcome the barriers of equality among all of us, so we can logically present our case to the world! By "our" I mean all Gay men and Lesbians.

★ ★ ★
It was a real delight talking with this humanist, and I appreciate her dearly... she bought me a drink!!!

Until the next turn of the platter, be good to each other... it always comes back two-fold!

Love, Nez

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BOB'S BAZAAR JAN. 28, 1982 PAGE 29

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